Frontispiece to Vol. 25.

Pub. April 1. 180[illegible] by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

Fifth of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interefting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 25.

London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1805.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

CONTAINING

Mr. John Kirby, a celebrated Angler, his Portrait ······ *Page* 3
Thornton's Sporting Tour ······ 4
Lineal descent of the Muses—Letter II. ······ 9
Old Clothesman ······ 10
Milk Maid ······ 10
Match Woman ······ 10
Tom Sweep ······ 10
Fishmonger ······ 10
Sand, Whiting, and Brick-Dust Crier ······ 10
Shoe-Black ······ 10
Watchman ······ 11
Sketch of Mr. Emphasis ······ 11
An enthusiastic Admirer of the Drama ······ 13
Description of an Amateur in Boxing ······ 15
The Village of Huntsmen, by a Traveller ······ 18
Manner of hunting the Chamois Goat and Marmot ······ 21
Retrospect of Fashionable Levities, in a Sketch of the late Mrs. Cornelly ······ 23
Letters from the Earl of Chatham to Lord Camelford ······ 26
Remarkable Association of Animals, from a Paris Paper ······ 29
On the cruel Practice of Fishing with Live Bait, from an Essay on Humanity to Animals, by Thomas Young, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge ······ 30
The Tyrant reproved by his Slave ······ 31
Ramble from Exeter to the Back-waters and Exmouth, with a Return to Chudleigh—The Toxophylites ······ 32
Back-waters of Exeter ······ 32
Topsham ······ 33
The Epitaph ······ 33
Exmouth ······ 33
Powderham Castle ······ 34
The Stricken Deer ······ 35
The Gout and Dr. Franklin ······ 35
Thornhill's Shooting Directory ······ 39
Feast of Wit ······ 41
Sporting Intelligence ······ 42

POETRY.

Song from The Dash, or Who but He 45
Tantivy, a Hunting Song ······ 46
The Origin of Good Fellowship ······ 46
The Hunter of the Alps ······ 46
Maroon Song ······ 47
On Titles ······ 47
On taking a Salmon ······ 48
Hunting Song ······ 48
Racing Calendar ······ 1

Embellished with, I. *A Portrait of Mr. John Kirby, a celebrated Angler.*—
II. *An Engraving of the Stricken Deer.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Attonitus, *alias* a Hunter of Oddities, &c. &c. &c. who would intimate that he is *stricken* with astonishment at the Odd Fish he describes, we should take to be irrecoverably moon-struck, were there not so much method in his madness. Low diet, and a dark room, however, may cure him of the "bewilderment" of which he complains. As to the veracity of his supposed friend at Liverpool, or rather *in nubibus*, we think it of a piece with the rest of his communications. The same writer, under the signature of Ornithon Philos, should have sent his strange bird along with his description. As a fabricator, he is much too clumsy to pass his reveries upon any publisher whatever; and as a wilful and corrupt violator of the sacred character of truth, and the order of the creation, his turpitude is without excuse. His address being known, his letters will be returned to him enclosed in covers.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Mr. John Kirby,

a Celebrated Angler.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

MR. JOHN KIRBY.

A celebrated Angler.

MR. John Kirby, the keeper of Newgate, who died on the 30th of August 1804, was a celebrated angler—so much so that his portrait was once placed as the frontispiece to a book of angling, though Mr Kirby never wrote a line of it. The pamphleteer wished to make him an author, but he was a practical, not a writing fisherman. The head, which we have here procured to be handsomely engraved, is copied from a very good mezzotinto by Turner, from a painting of Masquerier's, and is an excellent likeness.

The plan of our work renders it almost needless to say any thing of Mr. Kirby in any other character than that of an angler, with remarks on his fondness for the sport. But the man carried a charm about him, that impels us to speak not only of his private, but his public character—in doing which but very few words are necessary. cip Kirby was in nature and prin- a me honest man—he never did cuting ction in his life: in exe- cases, he difficult, and, in many er or e distressing office of keep- ever governor of a prison, no man to shewed a better disposition his the unhappy objects under are; and so sensible were many of the highest characters in the kingdom—secretly inclined to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate debtors—of Mr. Kirby's integrity, that they confidentially intrusted him to dispense their alms to such as he thought proper objects of their bounty. The magistrates of the corporation were likewise fully aware of the truth and steadiness of Mr. Kirby, in his official character. The judges likewise, and all the officers of the Courts of Session and Oyer and Terminer, &c. all respected him; and several of high name and consequence, felt a pleasure in his acquaintance.

When he could relax, fishing was his amusement; and nobody was better known as such at the different resorts where angling could be enjoyed.

The following, extracted from the public prints, is an account of

HIS FUNERAL.

"Friday, Sept. 7, at noon, the last token of respect was paid to the mortal remains of a man, who, having passed through life in a situation too apt to attract odium and popular dislike, had, by the exercise of the amiable qualities of humanity and benevolence towards the most unfortunate and wretched class of mankind, endeared his memory to all who knew him, and acquired the enviable character of a pure philanthropist.

About

About one o'clock, the coffin, containing the body of the deceased Mr. Kirby, was removed from his house at Newgate, into a herse and six, which preceded three mourning coaches, each drawn by four horses, in which were, the Ordinary of Newgate, as chief mourner, and Mr. Edward Kirby, the nephew of the deceased; Mr. Wood, the son of his first wife; Mr. Beale, Mr. Dacre, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Wadd, and several other gentlemen, who officiated as mourners on the melancholy occasion. The mournful procession passed down Ludgate-hill, along Fleet-street, the Strand, the Haymarket, and Piccadilly, to St. James's Church, the sacred storehouse of the bones of those relatives who were most dear to the deceased. The concourse of people who pressed for admittance was so great, that the gates were obliged to be shut. The body was conveyed into the church, and the funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Madden, one of the officiating curates of the parish of St. James, and lecturer at the chapel in Berwick-street. It was afterwards carried to the burying-ground, the west side of the church yard, and there deposited near the remains of the late Mrs. Kirby. During the whole of the solemnity, the virtues of the deceased were the theme of every one's praise; and all put forth a fervent prayer, that his successor might imitate so worthy an example.

THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR.

(Concluded from page 310 of our last.)

HAVING met the Duke of Gordon's forester, according to previous appointment, proceeded together, and soon got into the most likely harbours for both stag and roebuck; and although the Colonel professes himself as quick sighted as any man, yet he could not see a roebuck at no more than fifteen yards distance, though he was perfectly seen by his companion; instantaneously upon which, he made but one bound, and every chance of a shot was lost. Dined following day with the Rothiemurchus family; returned to Avemore in the evening, and the next day had four gentlemen and three handsome ladies to dine; introduced whist, and highly entertained the party.

Sep. 25.—Went out at eleven; and, to vary the scene, killed seven brace of partridges full grown, and three brace of snipes. Ordered some hounds to be thrown into the wood at Raits, and soon unkennelled a Fox, who was soon killed, being over loaded in body from the effect of his depredations amongst the sheep. Tried for roebucks, roused a brace and a half, but could not pull one down by either dog or gun. Dined again at Rothiemurchus. Did so in hopes of meeting his Grace of Gordon, to return thanks for the civilities bestowed upon the party; but his Grace not appearing, disappointment ensued. Mr. Grant of Rothiemurchus has built a new and commodious house here, not in the best situation, though his table and its collaterals, is the most enviable in the world, as is his estate also; in addition to every other luxury, he has to boast roebucks, cairvauns, hare, black game, dottrel, white game, partridges, ducks, and snipes; salmon eels, trout, char, par, lamprey [illegible]ce upon all which are in abund[illegible] his own estate.

September 26.—Tro[illegible]ng one [illegible]d a few hours in Loch Alva, k[illegible]ht, and pike of fifteen pounds w[illegible] pounds four others from six to nine [illegible] each. Set out for Grantown, [illegible]

in three miles of which, the scene becomes enchanting, from the magnificence of the large woods, chequered with hanging banks of birch, amongst which arises, over-topping the whole, Castle Grant, a very large building, partly ancient, partly modern; and forcibly conveys an idea of the weight of the old feudal chieftains. Sir James Grant, the present Laird of Grant, is a man of the most amiable character, and his attempts to improve his estate have not failed of that success which such great undertakings lay claim to.

Passed through Forres. On a moor not far from this place, Boethius, and Shakespear from him, places the rencounter of Macbeth and the three wayward sisters, or witches. The Colonel says, it was his fortune to meet with one, some where not remote from the ruins of Kyn-Eden. She was of a species far more dangerous than these, but neither withered nor wild in her attire, but so fair—

She look'd not like an inhabitant o' th' earth.

Boethius, sensible of part of their business, calls them Parcæ: and Shakespear introduces them just going upon their employ.

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly-burly 's done,
When the battle 's lost or won.

All the fine incantations that succeed, are borrowed from the fanciful *diableries* of old times; but sublimed and purged from all that is ridiculous, by the creative genius of the inimitable poet of whom Dryden so justly speaks—

But Shakespear's magic could not copy'd be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Proceeded for Elgin, a town about the size of Forres; it has a few good houses in it, which are chiefly built over piazzas; it has little trade, excepting its great cattle fairs, but is rich in ecclesiastical antiquities. The people here, as in the little towns of Inverness, Nairn, Forres, and Elgin, are employed in making thread and linen, as well as wollen cloath, chiefly for their own use; all these towns have a very dismal appearance, being built of large stone, nor can they claim the merit of being clean; and Elgin in filthiness exceeds them all. Here are the remains of the old cathedral; and Boethius says, that Duncan, who was killed by Macbeth at Inverness lies buried here. About two miles from Elgin is a pretty view of the frith of Murray to the left; and a few miles farther up, in a beautiful sequestered valley, stands the abbey of Pluscardin, renowned, in this part of the country, for its fruit trees. A little farther produces an indistinct view of Gordon Castle, situated in a valley; above it rises a beautiful forest of firs. A few miles below Elgin, on a promontory running into the sea, stands the borough of Murray, a station of the Danes, where they for some time maintained a settlement. Arrived once more at the river Spey; no river can be more calm, or more rapid than this; and the ravages and destruction it makes on the Duke of Gordon's property would render it a serious evil, did it not afford sufficient compensation, in a fishery now let at one thousand five hundred pounds per annum.

Visited Gordon Castle, which is described as a prodigious, yet elegant pile of building, standing near some large well grown woods, and a considerable one of great hollies: and the Colonel remarks, that examining one in particular, under which there appeared to be some fox-earths, from whence a grumbling noise was heard, and to their astonishment, they were saluted by a litter of young terriers, whose existence was quite unknown to the

huntsman;

huntsman; and there is no doubt but from their early education they will be excellent. The principal pictures in Castle Gordon, are the first Marquis of Huntley, who on his first arrival at court, forgetting the usual obeisance, was asked why he did not bow? He begged his Majesty's pardon, and excused his want of respect by saying, "he was just come from a place where every body bowed to him;" the second Marquis of Huntley, beheaded by the convenanters; his son, the gallant Lord Gordon, Montrose's friend, killed at the battle of Auldford, &c. &c. The Duke of Gordon still keeps up the diversion of falconry, and has several fine hawks of different descriptions. Here also was a true Highland greyhound, which is now become very scarce, it was of a large size, strong, deep chested, and covered with very long rough hair; this kind was in great vogue in former days, and used in vast numbers at the magnificent stag-chases, by the powerful chieftains. Mr. Pennant mentions in his tour a dog which he saw, the offspring of a wolf and Pomeranian bitch. It had much the appearance of the first, and was very good natured and sportive; but being slipped at a weak deer, it instantly brought the animal down, and tore out its throat. This dog was bred by Mr. Brook, animal merchant in London, who told him that the congress between the wolf and the bitch was immediate, and the produce of the litter was ten. N. B. This recital instantly calls to mind the oblique doubt of the Irishman "arrah! by my soul! and the hills are green a great way off."

I went to church—singing good, sermon excellent—women astonishingly plain—except one pretty girl, not another to be seen in the country. This must have proved a mortifying stroke to men of so much finished galantry. Introduced to Lord Monboddo, a gentleman of much polish and uncommon abilities, who at upwards of eighty years of age, underwent the fatigues of the field for several days together. Left Gordon Castle for Grantown, which they there call twenty miles, though the book of roads makes it thirty-five English. Found the roads bad, as well as deceptive; after five hours upon the road reached the inn called Ballendalloch. But for an inn, the Colonel never saw such a one in his life; he says, it proved a burlesque upon the name, a house with rooms, indeed, but no windows. He had reason to believe the people, from their extreme poverty, had taken them out; as he observed many other creditable people had done, to save the additional duty laid on that time. He did not expect a profuse bill of fare, hoping at least to find eggs, in which however he was disappointed. Not only so, being thirsty, called for porter—none; for brandy—none; rum—none. All this the traveller says, he could bear with tolerable composure, in a hope that his horses would be able to obtain better accommodation; but, upon inquiry, all that expectation fell equally to the ground. Upon inquiry for hay—none; thought that difficulty might be surmounted by a double portion of corn; that idea was no sooner imbibed, than it was instantaneously rendered abortive, for oats were no more to be got at than any of the articles already recited; and the Colonel was in this happy predicament, no less than fifteen miles from Grantown, to which he was destined. So much for the luxurious fertility of the highly favoured Caledonia.

The landlord indeed lamented his inability to furnish even the very common necessaries of life, which in some degree softened down the disappointment; and, feeling for his unfortunate

unfortunate situation, the Colonel endeavoured to forget his own.

No alternative presented itself but to renew the journey, the horses were therefore ordered to the carriage, and to follow the Colonel, who walked on. Not far from this inn of celebrity was a seat of Gen. Grant; but the inhospitable specimen already experienced, prevented the indulgence of the least wish to stop again in that part of the country. After getting on with difficulties by land and water, nearly all drowned at a ford of the river Spey, and loosing the road repeatedly upon *terra firma*, and at eight o'clock, the night quite dark, the carriage and the servants were left in this situation till the morning, the Colonel mounting one of the horses determining to explore his way, and no doubt exclaimed at the moment,

> I boldly venture upon a road unknown;
> It cannot use me worse than this has done.

After a variety of vicissitudes, and luckily falling into the right road, he reached Grantown, from whence assistants were dispatched in search of carriage and servants, who were all found without any serious injury. The next day attempted to shoot a roebuck, having Capt. Grant's foresters as guides; saw a brace but could not get a shot at either. Killed in shooting and fishing, four moor game and one pike. Next day brought down twenty-nine moor game and three snipes. After various and long recitals of eating, drinking, fishing, shooting, and sleeping, without a single line either new or entertaining for twenty or thirty pages of quarto nothingness, they reach and fish in Loch Laggan, of which Mr. Garrard has given a view, where, with a repetition of similar views, of which we have had so many, we are told there are trout of four kinds; three of which were caught, differing in both colour and taste; the fourth kind is called *duermain*, and weighs from sixteen to twenty pounds. This lake is nine miles long and one broad. Here every thing was arranged with Mr. P. who could not be prevailed upon to follow the track that had been planned, with Mr. Garrard, of returning by the western coasts &c. he, being keener for fox-hunting, determined to return to Thornville, taking his servant and the falconer with him. Those concerned in the naval excursion, received their orders to make the best of their way to Edinburgh, and from thence there was a ready conveyance by flys, &c. to Borough-bridge, seven miles from Thornville. Bid adieu to each other and proceeded with Mr. Garrard. Bought a piebald poney, for four guineas, and ordered it to be delivered to the falconer at Avemore for the journey home. On the 5th. of October had the good fortune to shoot a roebuck—story too long for insertion here.

Pages after pages of the utmost insipidity follow each other, till reaching Fort Augustus, found the Duke and Duchess at the Governor's—invited to breakfast. Peep at Fort William; then follows a steril description of mountains, lakes, woods, and decayed castles, without a single line to excite attention, or to gratify curiosity. After wandering through the various recesses of northerm obscurity, without an anecdote laying the least claim to perusal, they arrive very hungry at Dalmally; found an excellent inn, which at all times and seasons, seems to have been the great god of their idolatry. The luxuries of eating and drinking, when they could be had, are described with so much sublimity, that it is not unreasonable to believe some lineal descendant from Justice Guttle

Guttle had been secretary to the groupe, during their peregrination. By way of relief to the general dulness of the tale, a view of Loch Awe is introduced, but with very little of the picturesque to recommend it. Here follows another eulogium upon Lord Breadalbane and his ancient castle of Kilchurn, which is falling fast to ruin; with a superfluous hark-back! halloo, to his residence before described at Loch Tay, in Perthshire. Killed some black game, here, and had an extraordinary point with the dogs at six old black cocks, a circumstance exceedingly rare, as they are a lonely bird, and seldom seen together. Many pages intervene with no variety, but a repetition of fishery upon fishery, of which such a glut has been introduced through the whole, that a definition of it would not be dissimilar to the woman's opinion of matrimony—"that there was nothing so very enchanting in it, for 'twas exactly like going to church, the same thing over again."

Reach the castle of Inverary, the seat of his Grace of Argyle, which is a very elegant modern building, but has rather a monastic appearance, from the windows being all turned with a Gothick arch. Some account of the situation, woods, and water, are introduced; as well as some description of different branches of the family, but not of note sufficient to lay claim to repetition. Inverary itself, is said to be hardly worth notice, being an inconsiderable fishing place, and chiefly dependant upon the castle, from which it is distant about half a mile. Coals here are as dear as in London, on account of the additional duty, which is there deemed an impolitic imposition and operates greatly against all the manufactories. On the twelfth of October finished shooting in the Highlands, when all matters were arranged for the return to Thornville; Messrs. Crosly, Jonas, and Jack, with three horses, hawks, dogs, guns, and baggage waggons, being sent forward; and Mr. Kennion and John attending the Colonel with five horses they proceeded on their journey, leaving Mr. Garrard employed by his Grace at the castle. Two views of the Cowthorpe Oak, and of Dumbarton rock and castle are here introduced. Surveyed Bothwell Castle; proceeded to Hamilton house, visited and shot with the Duke of Hamilton, who has a fine stud of blood horses, and whose park is thirteen miles in circumference. Reached Dun's hotel in Edinburgh, and met with the English travellers from whom they had some time before parted; nothing occurred here worthy of note or observation. Arrive at Kelso at the time of the races; all confusion, and no comfort; view of Kelso abbey; a description of Langholm; from thence through Langtown and to Carlisle, of which some short account is given, as well as of Keswick, Calder abbey, Mulcaster house, Coniston lake, Ambleside, Windermere lake, Kendal, Marshfield, Malmstarn, Gordalescar, Maumcove and Settle, &c. Brimham rocks, and for want of something better, an etching of the Heath Cock; with a conclusion as variegated, confused, and herogeneous, as those given by the late speculative balloon adventurers, in their suspended situation, between heaven and earth. As the production is too simple, puerile, and steril to encounter the dignity of criticism, it can only be remarked, that as the cause of its being brought before the eye of the public, was a motive of charity, so charity (in compliment to the author) will probably soon destine it to a state of peace and permanent oblivion.

THE

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(Continued from page 291 of our last.)

LETTER II.

DEAR COUSIN,

"SOPHIA," says my good aunt Deborah, this morning, "what are you so very thoughtful upon?"—"O! aunt, I have a long epistle to write my cousin, and must think maturely of my subject, as countryfied folks are so precise and formal."

"But what important or serious affairs have you, child, to render long letters to your cousin expedient?"—"None in the world, aunt, thank Heaven; for important and serious affairs make one so dull. But it is so pleasant, so delightful, and so charming, to write the thousand little flights, fancies, and conceits, of one's imagination. At this time, aunt, I am going to relate a pleasant dream, for the amusement of my country cousin, who is always infinitely delighted with whatever comes from this dear, dear fascinating city; this great emporium of merchandise, wealth, arts, sciences, grandeur, politeness, joy, and gladness; the promoter and encourager of all industry, and every virtue; the harbour of all that is great, good, and admirable."

"And of all that is little, base, and detestible," rejoined the good old woman.

"O, dear aunt! that cannot be prevented, since in all great places there will be a few nooks and corners where folly and vice may conceal themselves, and lie in ambush to prey upon the unwary. It is a standing maxim, that nothing is quite perfect: small evils always accompany great good, and slight inconveniences attend the most useful inventions. But, dear aunt, if there be any truth or reliance upon dreams, then a great and sore evil is near its final period; I mean the ear-piercing cries of hawkers. Know, dear aunt, that I have been dreaming the hawkers are all turned poets, and that they were each crying or calling his or her respective commodity, in the soft numbers and sweet accents of Hudibrastic verse. I was very highly delighted; I awaked in an ecstacy of rapture, and am resolved to communicate such a pleasing and truly auspicious dream to my cousin, poor hard fated creature, doomed to breathe, and merely to vegetate, among woods and groves, cornfields and meadows, prettily dappled with kingcups and daisies. O! that I had the dear girl here, to participate in the general joy which this long-wished-for and highly necessary change of custom must produce. That it will be brought about very shortly, I am fully persuaded; for my dreams are always verified: so, dear aunt, pray do not let me be disturbed for two or three hours, and I will prophesy the whole matter to my cousin. Aye, now you shake your head; as much as to say—'You talk at random; you are a flighty, giddy, nonsensical girl, Sophia.' Indeed I am, aunt; but pray remember how often my giddy flights of fancy and nonsense have put to flight the vapours and fidgets, those plagues of life, and you will excuse your random niece, Sophia.'

So far so good.—Here I am, child, hard at it. Pray attend now to my performers, or actors, in this delightful innovation.

OLD CLOTHESMAN.

Old clothes! Old clothes! man, boy, or maid;
Or any thing that's been mislaid—
Come, find out something good and nice,
And I'm the man shall give your price.
And, mark me well, I'll tell ye how
That ye may get old things enow—
Spill soup, drop tallow, stain, and tear,
And clothes will fail but little worse for wear;
Find fault with make, and colour, all ye can,
And you'll get clothes enow to sell at second hand.

Enter MILK MAID.

Milk, ye maids, new, thick, and white,
To make a pudding nice and light,
And whosoe'r of it shall eat,
Will find it better far than meat.
My cream is sweet, and smooth as oil,
I warrant, madam, it will boil
For custards, in a cup or pan,
And fit for any Alderman.
To banish vapours, fidgets, spleen,
All ladies mix their tea with cream;
And wish to have the same of me,
Because I'm neat and clean, d'ye see.

Enter MATCH WOMAN.

I have matches well made, and thrice dipp'd in the ore,
Such matches as mine were ne'er handled before;
And whoso of Susan nice matches shall buy,
Shall 'scape the hard fortune, nice matches to cry;
And Tom, John, and Harry, ye quickly shall catch,
Then Tom, John, and Harry, will each have his match.
Come lay out a penny to have a good bargain——

SERVANTS.

A pox on your nonsense, they 're not worth a farthing——

HAWKER.

You will all die old maids—so, madams, good morning.

Enter TOM SWEEP, *singing.*

Sweep! Sweep! here 's Tom Sweep, and eke his boy Jack;
We will sweep all your chimneys and stoves in a crack;
We always sweep clean, not a dram leave behind,
And are willing to take away all we can find.

Recitative.

Fire is a dreadful scourge,
Where'er the master he is seen;
Would ye the dreadful scourge prevent,
Be sure to keep your chimneys clean.

Chorus.

Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep,
Be sure your chimneys clean to keep.

Enter FISHMONGER.

Twelve for a penny, sprats, sprats,
Fit for Christians and for cats,
Head and back-bone fresh and good,
Ev'ry part is wholesome food.
Lobsters, soles, fresh cod, and salmon,
All alive!—I scorn to gammon.
Oysters to increase the chyle,
And shrimps, for sauce, as fat as oil;
Haddocks, whitings, fresh and good;
Eels, just taken from the mud:
Here 's ev'ry kind that man can wish;
No food is so genteel as fish—
Step up, good cook, and choose a dish.

Enter SAND, WHITING, AND BRICK-DUST CRIER.

Sand and whiting, who please to buy?
Brick-dust, well sifted, light, and dry?
Maids, if you'd soon married be,
Keep the kitchen fit to see;
The floor keep clean, walls lily white,
Brass, tin, and iron, smooth and bright.
'Tis this the good house-wife doth show,
And thus let's all the young men know
Where to choose a tidy wife,
To lighten all the cares of life.
Come, buy these articles of me,
And, girls, ye soon shall married be.

SERVANTS.

Till mistress rise, we cannot buy.

HAWKER.

Pox take your mistress, let her lie.

Enter SHOE-BLACK.

The morning is fair, and the streets they are dry,
Your shoes I will black in the wink of an eye;
Black shoes to white stockings do serve as a foil,
And my black is so good it the white will ne'er soil.

Try

Try, your honour, you'll find what I've said to be true,
And I'll make your old shoes look as glossy as new.

The above specimens, I flatter myself, you will think no way despicable, for the first attempts of men and women, long confined, by barbarous custom, to the unvaried use of a few harsh sounds.

But the awful, the sublime, the pleasing, the edifying, and the beautifully descriptive specimens of poetry, can be expected to sound from no other lungs than the watchmen's. Night is the season for making and reciting poetry of all kinds; and those who nightly perambulate, cannot fail of excelling in the heavenly art of poetry, when once they come to give their minds freely to it. In what sweet and harmonious numbers, therefore, may we expect the watchmen to give their rehearsals of the various changes and appearances of night, heat and cold, serene and boisterous, gentle rains and rapid showers, sweet dews, with sometimes a touch of the awful, in a lively description of a thunder-storm. Then the sublime and grand will frequently occur in their poetic paintings of the canopy of heaven; the prettily spangled vault, the dim lustre or bright twinkling of the stars, the proximity, transits, conjunctions, &c. of the planets, must give the watchmen an ample field for their poetic genius; all which, occasionally recited, will sooth the bed of sickness, toil, and care, and make even the downy pillow of the rich still more easy and refreshing.

Enter WATCHMAN.

Past twelve o'clock— the morn is fair,
And Boreas blows salubrious air;
Pale Cynthia lifts her silv'ry head,
Above Old Ocean's wat'ry bed.
All things are hush'd, all toil doth cease,
Pray close your eyes, and rest in peace.
Halloo, there, maids!———what now about!
Reading in bed?—Pray put the candle out.
No wonder fires so oft the city fright,
If folks will novels read in bed by candle light.

Another Round.

Past four o'clock—the air is mild and fine,
Behind the eastern hills gay Sol doth shine;
The lark is up, and mounting to the skies;
Whoe'er loves health, will think it time to rise.

You see I have had the temerity, the presumption, to give these specimens, of what may be expected from the watchmen, who will probably become the first poets in the nation, as no other class of men have so fine opportunities for acquiring sublime topics for their poetical genius.

In my next, I may give you a few specimens of another description. In the mean while, conclude me your's very affectionately and sincerely,

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

London, Oct 9, 1804.

SKETCH OF MR. EMPHASIS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR.

AMONG the various characters this world affords, there is none more ridiculous than the self-applauding, sententious man, who lugs in hard words and turgid sentences, which, with the vulgar, pass for profound learning, and uncommon erudition, but with the sensible and judicious, carry only

their intrinsic value, mere sounds without meaning.

Mr. Emphasis is well known at a certain coffee-house near Temple-bar. He was bred a cheesemonger, and was reckoned as great a connoisseur in butter and cheese as any factor in Leadenhall-market; but having the good fortune to gain L.10,000 in the lottery, he quitted trade, and has conceived such an antipathy to his former business, that he eats dry bread for his breakfast, and is ready to faint if cheese is brought on the table.

He plumes himself for his taste in literature, and has, in his opinion, as complete a collection of books as any private gentleman in the kingdom. Every day he reads, and gets by heart, a collection of phrases from the Rambler: with these he sets forward for the coffee-house, and, upon the first opening, whether politics, or parties, or history, or the drama, he enters into a regular discourse, with such words as these—"Gentlemen, I shall take up but little of your time upon this subject; yet I must first premise"——then in bursts a pompous quotation from Johnson, as little to the purpose as if he had spoken the soliloquy in Hamlet, or repeated the 119th psalm. "Now, gentlemen, you may not at first discern the aptitude of this digression"—which he explains away by another digression as long again; and, after haranguing a full hour, he is astonished to find that perhaps he has not above one auditor left; one who is fascinated with Emphasis's *copia verborum*, and articulation, without once attending to the argument, had his discourse partaken of any, and retires fully convinced, that Emphasis is, as he himself believes, one of the greatest orators in the world.

This gentleman generally participates in the pleasures of the Pic Nic Society, and attends all the speaking clubs, and never suffers any question to pass him without his speaking at least twice to it; and the president holds his abilities in such high estimation, that he waves the standing rule of speaking no more than five minutes, and frequently allows him ten, to the great mortification of other spouters, who usually vent their indignation at such infringements on the constitution of the club, in malicious invective and sarcastic insinuations.

Emphasis has worked himself up to such a pitch of self-conceit, that he really believes he would make a very capital figure in the House; and proposes being a candidate for a borough at the next election, in order to oppose Administration, to suggest some effectual measures against the ambitious views of Bonaparte, and vociferate himself into an important post under Government.

I have often heard the debating clubs called the schools of eloquence; but any impartial man will, I believe, be of opinion that they are more pernicious than useful. The nonsense that I have frequently heard uttered there, is a disgrace to reason; and the deistical, not to say atheistical, questions proposed, are a scandal to a Christian country.

I am no enemy to free inquiry in politics, or any other topic that does not invade, and vainly endeavour to undermine the foundations of our religion; for could I, with the freethinkers, suppose it to be the production of monkish hypocrisy, yet it would then be necessary; as a state of anarchy and confusion must ensue, if it should ever be exploded. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, have done more

more mischief than any three writers of this last century; and I think I may venture to say, that the spouting societies have diffused baneful notions of infidelity among the lower class of people, who have not time to read, and still less the power of thinking. Others, like Emphasis, they have flattered with ridiculous ideas of oratorical abilities, thrown them into a rhetorical delirium, and made them frantically imagine they were capable of displaying their transcendent abilities with great splendour at the bar; or of thundering in parliament, like a Demosthenes, in the preservation of their country. I am, &c.

A Hunter of Oddities.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF THE DRAMA.

MASTER CHESHIRE coming home for the Easter holidays, was observed to be extremely pensive and thoughtful, frequently walked up and down with folded arms, sometimes started—in short, exhibited the appearance of a young man "craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love." His mother, an honest cheesemonger's widow, who had scarce ever been at a play more than her annual Christmas visit to George Barnwell, began to think her darling's intellects were a little disordered; and accordingly, as an affectionate mother should do, resolved to sit by his bedside, to watch the crisis of his indisposition. Her son had retired to his bed an hour, when his dear mama, bearing a rush-light in her hand, entered the room with silent circumspection. Master Billy had been rehearsing the part of Macbeth, and unfortunately left his truncheon on the floor; the consequence of which was, that poor Mrs. Cheshire, having her eyes fixed upon her son, did not perceive it, till rolling under her feet, it gave her a severe tumble; the rush-light of course was extinguished, and the noise of her fall awakened Billy. The moon darting her resplendent beams upon the brass candlestick, directed the young man's eyes to his prostrate mother, and having his mind fully impressed with the dramatic influenza, he burst forth with—

Angels and ministers of grace defend me!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd?
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell?

His mother made no other responses than her groans, for she was much bruised by the fall.—Master Billy went on: "Never shake thy goary locks at me; thou canst not say I did it."—"Alas!" cried his mother, "no, 'twas this infernal head of a mopstick, which your madness has made use of for a walking stick, ever since you came from school."

Her son's mind was too much taken up with the admiration of his own recital, to attend to the complaints of his mother, and he proceeded in the same dramatic style—

What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble—Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword,
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Upon saying these words, he sprang out of the bed, and advanced towards his affrighted mother. Fear gave her strength, and dreading the ill consequences of being left alone with a madman, although her own son, she flew out of the room with much greater precipitancy than she entered it, and left Billy repeating these words—

The earth has bubbles as the water hath,
and this is of them.

Mrs. Cheshire, as soon as she recovered from her fright, hurried to her neighbour, the apothecary.—After thundering some time at the door, she was let in by the disciple of Galen, in *propria persona*. "And would you think it, Dr. Bolus," she exclaimed, "my poor boy Billy is out of his mind! O Billy was a sweet child, till I sent him to the academy, and now the boy has returned as mad as a March hare: it is but this moment that I came from his room; directly he saw me, he began to be light headed; and first of all called me an angel, then changed his note, and said I was a damned hobgoblin, and a blast from hell; that I could not say as how it was he that tripped up my heels; after calling me tiger and ragged bear, concluded with threatening to turn me out of the room."

To this incoherent harangue, Dr. Bolus, after pulling down his ruffles, and adjusting his wig, replied in these words—"I partly comprehend, Madam, the origin of your son's malady; the fibres which lead from the stomach to the brain have, by some unforeseen mischance, become entangled with each other, and have occasioned a concretion of the discrete or divided matter of the brain, where, according to the opinions of Pythagoras, Hippocrates, and Galen, the soul is supposed to reside. Now, my opinion is, that the soul of your son, finding her apartments up stairs very much deranged and out of order, has very wisely retired to some part of the body, and will probably take up her residence there, till the apartments in the attic story are made fit for her reception, which cannot be done till the accustomed humidity again flowing through the usual ducts or channels, disseminate the concreted substance, and restore the cerebrum to its natural state. This, Madam, is the cause of your son's being light-headed, which, I flatter myself, I can easily remove. But pray, what was the first symptom of his indisposition?"

"Why, Sir," said she, "the first day Billy came home for the holidays, I saw him in the back-yard sawing off the end of our mop; and so says I, Billy, are you going to be in the fashion too, with a walking stick six inches long? 'No, mother,' said he, 'I shall make a trencher of it.' A trencher! quoth I; then I suppose, Billy, you have learnt to conjure at the academy? and so he giv'd a start, and said, 'Yes, I can call spirits from the vasty deep;' and he went on with a great deal more, which I don't remember now; but I do remember my mind misgiv'd me then, that Billy was *non corpus*; but if you can cure him, Dr. Bolus, you shall have the best cheese in my shop, and tick for another."

Lured by the splendour of the proposed reward, the Doctor proceeded immediately to business, and so purged, blistered, and blooded the young man, that he left him neither strength nor spirits to rant; so thinking himself deprived of the most valuable accomplishments in acting, he wisely gave up all hopes of succeeding in the dramatic line, and

and, became perfectly composed. The Doctor claimed his cheese, and is, by the credit of this cure, still spoken of in the neighbourhood as wonderfully skilled in all cases of insanity.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AMATEUR IN BOXING.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

MY life, which for a long series of years passed with comfort, has of late been distracted by the impertinence and folly of an old acpuaintance, who has caught the boxing *mania*, and been using every means to infect me. His visits are always for the purpose of acquainting me, that some battle or other is shortly to take place, and his whole conversation has become infected by the vulgar and coarse jargon of illiterate pugilists.

As I walked with him some time ago, he stopped to behold a beautiful female, who was reclining her head upon her hand, at the window of a very handsome house, and gazing at the passengers as they walked along the street. After suffering some minutes to elapse, which I thought were employed in admiring so lovely an object, I interrupted my friend in the midst of his rapture, and asked him if he did not think that the person he was viewing with such attention, was a charming woman? "I never," exclaimed he, "saw a finer arm for boxing in my life!"

I was irritated at reflecting, that we had squandered our time to so little purpose, as that of discovering that a fine woman had a good arm for boxing; and my looks, which I could not disguise, convinced him of my chagrin. Imputing my vexation, however, to a wrong cause, he observed that, "to be sure he had seen an arm better calculated for inflicting a good beating, than that which he had just commended; for that his washerwoman had an arm that, to speak within narrow compass, was as large in circumference as the calf of his leg, and that he would take me to her lodgings in order to shew me such a curiosity."

I returned no other answer than cold contempt, and endeavoured to change the nature of our discourse; but he either did not, or would not perceive my disgust, and continued to dwell on the same subject, till we arrived at my own door. As we had been old acquaintances, common civility induced me to ask him to dinner; at the same time requesting him to quit his theme, as it was particularly disagreeable to my wife—which is really the case. He promised that he would, and for some time we were very comfortable together. At an unlucky moment, however, his favourite ideas came across his mind, and he could not avoid reminding me of his washerwoman's arm. But recollecting, that any circumstance relating to boxing was unpleasant to my wife, he said very significantly, in a low tone of voice, "I hope you will not forget to visit—a certain lady, that you may see her—you know what," pointing to the calf of his leg, and meaning nothing more than that he wished me to visit his washerwoman in order that I might behold her arm. This partial manner of expressing himself, was much worse than if he had explained his meaning in plain terms, since it appeared so mysterious and singular to my wife,

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as justly to alarm her jealousy. It was impossible for her to entertain any other thought than that I had an assignation with some woman of bad character, and this thought she unfortunately did entertain. My friend wishing to confirm me in my belief of what he had said, bade me "take care of myself, or I should find it a dangerous piece of business;" by which he meant to be understood, that if I gave any provocation, the woman alluded to, was strong enough to punish me by manual castigation. This was unintentionally adding to the mischief, and I could perceive that my wife's eyes sparkled with indignation, and that she imagined the plain English of what my friend had been saying, to be, that some man was in the case, who had a right over the woman with whom I was apparently intriguing, whose vigilance I must endeavour to avoid, and whose jealousy it would be prudent in me to prevent.

I was now obliged to acquaint my wife that I might ease her of her apprehensions, with the real nature of the case; and declare that Jack Careless, for that was the name of my friend, was only alluding to a washerwoman who had a good arm for boxing. True as this confession was, it appeared too ridiculous to be believed. Careless added, that the woman was not to be praised only for her arm, but that she was every way remarkably "prettily made," Confused as I had been, this declaration embarrassed me more; my friend imputed my confusion to his having introduced his darling subject, and instantly recanted, declaring, that nothing was farther from his thoughts than boxing; that what he had said was mere folly, which had unawares escaped him, and that he begged my wife's pardon for his unpoliteness. My embarrassment was doubly increased, and my wife, judging from appearances, became confirmed in her suspicions.

Irritated beyond bearing, I said something extremely rude, and bade my friend leave the room. A regard that he has always entertained for me, induced him to repress his resentment, and with nothing more than a look of indignation he quitted our company. I then explained to my wife his meaning; and after some time, persuaded her, as I thought, that her fears were without foundation.

Meeting Careless, however, some time after, and thinking that I had treated him harshly, I apologized for my behaviour, and explained its origin. He was surprised to hear that he had been the innocent cause of so much mischief, readily excused my conduct on the occasion, and renewed our acquaintance. We therefore chatted on different subjects with our usual familiarity, and parted better friends than ever.—On the following day my wife put into my hand a few lines, which she declared to have been just received from Careless, requesting me to go and see "a certain female," and assuring me, that he had very particular reasons for his request. My wife had, unknown to me, first read the note; and, from a principle of tenderness, or else from a secret desire of not accusing me of inconstancy before she had farther proofs, and greater information, forbore to let me know that she had given it a perusal. Conceiving that her acquaintance with its purport might only renew her former ill grounded fears, I did not communicate its contents; nor could I indeed myself to a certainty guess their meaning. I however went to Careless, and asked him if he intended to introduce me to a distressed female, who was in want of pecuniary assistance, or

or only to his washerwoman? He informed me that he would not anticipate my surprise at the sight of the female, but that she was one of the prettiest made women existing.—After many turnings through lanes and alleys, he took me into a dirty, mean looking house, in which the only object that struck my eyes, was a strapping woman, up to her elbows in soap-suds, and half naked. "This is my washerwoman," said he: "look at her arms—her whole figure indeed, and then tell me if she is not prettily made for boxing." I was vexed at my disappointment, but thinking my former rudeness rather cruel, I put a good face on the matter; and having good humouredly acquiesced in whatever my friend advanced on the subject, gave him my arm, and quitted the place.

In walking along, however, we happened to pass by a shop, in the window of which was placed a print representing two redoubted combatants of the fist. My companion could not avoid stopping for the purpose of commenting on the different attitudes of the two pugilists. But I observed the subject so occupied his mind, that he began thoughtlessly to display his knowledge in the science, by imitating their postures. I hastened on through shame, since we attracted the attention of the street passengers. In endeavouring to get away, I unfortunately brushed with some force against two ill-looking fellows, who, notwithstanding my apology, thought proper to resent the accident by illiberal abuse. This disturbed my friend from his reverie, who instantly stripped and fought one, and whether from chance, strength, or skill, beat him. I wished then to hurry away, when the other fellow struck me, on which the mob exclaimed, a ring, a ring! and I was obliged to box him in my defence. I was however, soon beaten very severely, and my eye almost cut out. My friend took me home in a coach, but when we searched for our money to pay the driver, we discovered that our pockets had been both completely emptied.—My wife instantly conceived that I had formed some assignation with a woman, whose husband or keeper had thus wounded me; and was confirmed in this suspicion, by recollecting the contents of my friend's letter which she had read, and which I seemed unwilling to let her know; and the circumstance of his having formerly told me to "beware how I proceeded in the business." Thus had I no consolation upon earth, but that of being able to procure the speedy assistance of a neighbouring surgeon!

I am now much better. My wife however, upbraids my inconstancy, and will not believe, whatever I say to convince her, that her jealousy is groundless. Careless, it is true, sympathizes with me. He laments the bruises I received. and, still more, the loss I sustained by having my pockets picked. He says, that the wound near my eye gave him much uneasiness when he thought it dangerous; but that since he observes my sight not injured, he would not but have had it happened on any account, as it was certainly the neatest blow that he ever saw struck. Do you then, Mr. Editor, enable me thus publickly to convince my wife, that I am innocent of the charge she has fixed on me, and my friend, that I am determined never more to interfere with his favourite subject; and in future, mean to leave the pleasure of receiving *neat* blows from *pretty made* boxers, entirely to himself.

Your's, &c.

TIMOTHY HEEDFUL.

THE

VILLAGE OF HUNTSMEN.

By a Traveller in South America.

IN one of the deepest vallies which lie hid amidst the mountains of Kongo, about thirty scattered huts are known by this name.—The inhabitants are scarcely more civilized than the animals of the forest, whom they continually pursue. A few scattered fields of rice which line the bank of a rivulet, are indeed the only vestiges which here remind us of the arts of man.

The rainy season was now over; I had resumed my journey to the northward; and as it was impossible to fix upon any settled course in the pathless mountains of Kongo, I allowed myself to be led by the dry track of a torrent into the Valley of Huntsmen. The forests and the fields, refreshed by the late rains, were again clothed in the most luxuriant verdure; and a profusion of flowers, arrayed in all the gaudy colours which nature lavishes in the tropical climates, reminded the inhabitants of the sacred tribute due to the dead. On entering the village, I repaired to the tree provided for a shelter to travellers. One of the green seats which surrounded it, was already occupied by another stranger, who from his dress and looks appeared an Arabian. He was attentively eyeing the procession which approached towards the place where he sat.—The villagers were proceeding, according to the annual custom of the country, to open the graves of the dead, and to strew the remains of their departed friends with flowers. They stopt at a little inclosure hard by the place where I sat: it contained the body of a youth equally distinguished in war and the chase. He had perished in the sight of his kinsmen, while repulsing the natives of a neighbouring valley, who had suddenly attempted to plunder the Village of Huntsmen. His mother bore a basket in one hand, and with her other held the right hand of the girl who had been betrothed to her son, and who now came with the choicest flowers her diligence had been able to cull; as a pledge to her departed bridegroom, that she only lived to do homage to his memory. No sooner was the grave opened, and the body exposed to their view, than they set up a loud shout, as if the dead had been for a moment restored to them; and then heaping upon him a profusion of flowers, strove to prove the unabated ardour of their affection.

An involuntary exclamation, drawn forth by the mixture of whimsical superstition and generous affection presented before me, attracted the attention of the Arabian who had not hitherto observed me. He seemed to comprehend my meaning; and, perceiving from my complexion and beard, that I was an European, he addressed me in Italian:

"Fellow traveller, said he, you and I seem to have come to this part on the same errand; to observe the uncouth usage of this savage people, and return to our brethren of civilized society, who will join us in laughing at their absurdities, and pitying their ignorance.—You have no doubt, in the course of your travels, seen many things to draw forth exclamations of surprise. I also have often lifted my hands in wonder, since the day I quitted the holy city of Mecca, with a vow to spend my days in observing the ways of man.

"In a distant part of the world, I arrived in a large and populous city, known, from its great wealth, by the name of the City of the Golden

Golden River. The inhabitants boasted themselves to be the best and wisest of all nations; and, on entering the streets, when I perceived the eager crowds pressing past me in every direction, I thought that surely the blessed people were all hastening in pursuit of wisdom and virtue.

"How different in their usages were this most polished of nations from the savages you see yonder, ornamenting the putrid remains of the dead with flowers. They well know that when once the spirit is fled, what remains is nothing more than a senseless lump of clay, which must be removed quickly to its mother earth to prevent disgust and loathing. As soon therefore as the breath has left the body of a relative, the whole family quit the house till the nuisance it contains is removed. The care of doing so is entrusted to certain persons who hire themselves for this purpose, and who at their convenience deposit the body in the vault to which it is destined. Sometimes, however, these persons, being as wise and as prudent as the rest of their nation, find means to turn the useless remains of the human race to some advantage; and many a wealthy epicure, who lived only for himself, is at length compelled, in the form of a skeleton, to render some benefit to his race.

"The savages of Kongo follow their departed kinsmen to the grave, weeping and wailing aloud for him who is never more to enjoy the embraces and applause of his beloved friends. The inhabitants of the City of the Golden River in their barbarous days, had a similar custom; and as many ridiculous things are held in reverence from their antiquity, they are still obliged in some degree to comply with an usage which they know to be absurd. They are, however, too careful of reputation to be found performing such foolish rites in person. It is therefore the custom to hire some of the lowest of the people, who are too needy to be scrupulous what they do, provided they can earn a livelihood. These persons they dress in certain habits, which are supposed to denote very deep sorrow; and a long train of carriages being also, with their drivers and horses arrayed in the emblems of mourning, the body, or at least the coffin of the deceased, is thus conveyed with due honour to the grave.

"The savage custom of tearing the hair, and disfiguring the cheeks, by which the females of Kongo express their keen sorrow for their departed husbands and lovers, are of course unknown among the polished nation I am describing. It is not, however, from the fear of pain, but merely from their sense of its folly, that they abstain from this practice. When proper occasions offer, the most delicate females display the most resolute contempt of pain. About twenty years ago high foreheads were an object of admiration; at that time, therefore, it was customary for the ladies to have their hair removed an inch back from their brow, even although the blood followed every hair that was pulled. It is usual for young females, whose teeth do not equal in beauty their other charms, to remedy the defect of nature by having them pulled out to make room for the more perfect preparations of art. During my stay there, it was even in question to introduce a custom known among the ladies of the West Indies, who by means of a caustic liquor, contrive to deliver their faces from their old skin, and to procure for them a new and beautiful covering.

"The females of this wise nation I speak of, are well assured that the

 departed

departed neither know nor care how those left behind demean themselves: instead, therefore, of leaving their hair dishevelled, throwing aside their ornaments, and seeking out some solitary place to give full vent to their grief, like the females of Kongo, they take advantage of the old custom I mentioned, of honouring the dead, to assume a particular dress which is thought very becoming. To shew that they are altogether above cherishing any idle sorrows, that can have no effect but to render their eyes red and complexions pale, it is the custom to appear in this new dress as soon as possible at some public scene of peculiar festivity. Hence it frequently happens that the funeral procession of the dead interrupts the carriage of his mother, of his sisters, or his wife, on their way to a public breakfast, or military gala.

" Violent and uncontrouled passions are a mark of rudeness; and, to bear the external emblems of such passions, would denote a hankering after barbarism. In the polished city of the Golden River, therefore, grief, like other feelings, is reduced to rule. An exact period is fixed for relations to appear to mourn; and we have only to know the degree of kindred, to be able to ascertain to a day, how long the survivors will grieve for their deceased friend.

" Nor is it only in regard to their indifference for the dead, that this nation may boast of its civilization. All the other feelings common to savages are nearly as well subdued as those of grief. In the Village of Huntsmen, when a child is brought into the world, the inhabitants meet to rejoice over this addition to their tribe.—The mother fondly gives her little pride, from her own breast, the only food of its infancy. In hunting expeditions, she carries it in a basket slung on her back; and the father, by turns, relieves her of the pleasing load. When hoeing the rice fields, in company with her husband, her infant lies in its basket, under the shade of some neighbouring palm; and, at the intervals of labour, while others refresh themselves, she turns aside to share with her little innocent the nourishment which her own body seems to require for its support. Every morsel during his childhood is conveyed to his little mouth with her own hand. When time has given strength to his limbs, he is found by the side of his father in the chase; and returns in triumph to present his booty to her that suckled him. He may be fierce or cruel to others; but he pays reverence to those who cherished his infancy while they live, and is careful to strew their dead bodies with the choicest flowers of the valley.

" The wise parents of the city of the Golden River, however, know that it is extreme folly to sacrifice their own pleasure for the sake of those who may or may not turn out a comfort to their old age. The ladies know that suckling is a tedious and teazing employment; that it is inconsistent with every plan of pleasure; and that, besides, it is reckoned very hurtful to the shape. This disagreeable office is therefore consigned to those who are glad to perform it for the sake of subsistence; and, as persons are hired to pay the last tribute of affection to the dead, those who come into the world have also to bestow their earliest affections on attendants procured by hire. If the mother is too wise to sacrifice her own enjoyments to the numberless cares of rearing the infant, it is not to be supposed the father will pay any needless attentions to the youth. A son, then, becomes interesting to his parents, when he can grace the parties

parties of his mother, and join his father in his sports or his bottle.—By this means the affections of kindred are prevented from ever attaining any inordinate height; and the son consigns the remains of his father or mother to the hands of the undertaker, and decently puts on the accustomed dress, without disturbing either his own mind, or those around him, by idle demonstrations of grief."

The Arabian having proceeded thus far, abruptly put a period to his discourse, by shortly observing —"I could instance many more usages of this polished people, bearing a striking contrast to those savages of Kongo, but let this suffice for the present."

MANNER OF HUNTING THE CHAMOIS-GOAT & MARMOT.

THE chase of the Chamois-goat, though very dangerous, occupies most of the inhabitants of Chamouni, and carries off, in the flower of their age, many men whose lives are most valuable to their families. And when we are informed how this chase is caried on, we shall be astonished that a course of life at once so laborious and perilous, should have irresistible attractions for those who have accustomed themselves to it.

The Chamois hunter generally sets out in the night, that he may reach by break of day the most elevated pastures, where the goats come to feed, before they arrive.—As soon as he discovers the place where he hopes to find them, he surveys it with his glass. If he finds none of them there, he proceeds, always ascending: whenever he descries any, he endeavours to get above them, either by stealing along some gully, or getting behind some rock or eminence. When he is near enough to distinguish their horns, which is the mark by which he judges of the distance, he rests his piece on a rock, takes his aim with great composure, and rarely misses. This piece is a rifle-barrelled carabine, into which the ball is thrust; and these carabines often contain two charges, though but one barrel: the charges are put one above another, and are fired in succession. If he has wounded the Chamois, he runs to his prey, and for security hamstrings it: he then considers his way home. If the road is difficult, he skins the Chamois, and leaves the carcase; but, if it is practicable, he throws the animal on his shoulders, and bears him to his village, though at a great distance, and often over frightful precipices: he feeds his family with the flesh, which is excellent, especially when the creature is young; and he dries the skin for sale.

But if, as is the most common case, the vigilant Chamois perceives the approach of the hunter, he immediately takes flight among the glaciers, through the snows, and over the most precipitous rocks.—It is particularly difficult to get near these animals when there are several together, for then one of them, while the rest are feeding, stands as a sentinel, on the point of some rock that commands a view of the avenues leading to the pastures; and as soon as he perceives any object of alarm, he utters a sort of hiss, at which the others instantly gather around him, to judge for themselves of the nature of the danger. If it is a wild beast, or a hunter, the most experienced puts himself at the head of the flock; and away they fly, ranged in a line, to the most inaccessible retreats.

It

It is here the fatigues of the hunter begin: instigated by his passion for the chase, he is insensible to danger; he passes over snows without thinking of the horrid precipices they conceal, he intangles himself among the most dangerous paths, and bounds from rock to rock, without knowing how he is to return. Night often surprises him in the midst of his pursuit, but he does not for that reason abandon it, he hopes that the same cause will arrest the flight of the Chamois, and that he will the next morning overtake them. Thus he passes the night, not at the foot of a tree, like the hunter of the plain, not in a grotto softly reclined on a bed of moss, but at the foot of a rock, and often on the bare points of shattered fragments without the smallest shelter. There, all alone, without fire, without light, he draws from his bag a bit of cheese, with a morsel of oaten bread, which make his common food: bread so dry, that he is sometimes obliged to break it between two stones, or with the hatchet he carries with him to cut out steps in the ice. Having thus made his solitary and frugal repast, he puts a stone below his head for a pillow, and goes to sleep, dreaming on the rout which the Chamois may have taken. But soon he is awaked by the freshness of the morning: he gets up benumbed with cold, surveys the precipices which he must traverse in order to overtake his game, drinks a little brandy, of which he is always provided with a small portion, and sets out to encounter new dangers. Hunters sometimes remain in these solitudes for several days together, during which time their families, their unhappy wives in particular, experience a state of the most dreadful anxiety: they dare not go to rest for fear of seeing their husbands appear to them in a dream, for it is a received opinion in the country, that when a man has perished, either in the snow, or on some unknown rock, he appears by night to the person he held most dear, describes the place that proved fatal to him, and requests the performance of the last duties to his corpse.

The few who grow old in this employment bear upon their faces the marks of the life they have led. A savage look, something wild and haggard, makes them be known in the midst of a crowd, even when they are not in their hunting dress; and, undoubtedly, it is this ill look which makes some superstitious peasants believe that they are sorcerers, that they have dealings with the devil, and that it is he who throws them down the rocks.

What then can be the passionate inducement to this course of life? It is not avarice, at least it is not an avarice consistent with reason. The most beautiful Chamois is never worth more to the person who kills it than a dozen of francs, even including the value of its flesh: and now that the number is diminished, the time lost before one can be taken is much more than the value. But it is the very dangers that attend the pursuit, those alternations of hope and fear, the continual agitation and exercise which these emotions produce in the mind, that instigate the hunter: they animate him as they do the gamester, the warrior, the sailor, and even to a certain degree the naturalist of the Alps, whose life in some measure resembles that of the hunter whose manners we have described.

But there is another kind of hunting which is neither dangerous nor laborious, not fatal to any one but the poor animals that are the objects of it. These are the Marmots, animals that inhabit the high mountains, where in summer they scoop out holes which they line with hay, and

and retire to at the beginning of autumn: here they grow torpid with the cold, and remain in a sort of lethargy till the warmth of spring returns to quicken their languid blood, and to recall them to life. When it supposed they have retired to their winter abode, and before the snow has covered the high pastures where their holes are made, people go to unharbour them. They are found from ten to twelve in the same hole, heaped upon one another, and buried in the hay. Their sleep is so profound, that the hunter often puts them into his bag, and carries them home without their awaking. The flesh of the young is good, though it tastes of oil, and smells somewhat of musk: the fat is used in the cure of rheumatisms and pains, being rubbed on the parts affected; but the skin is of little value, and is sold for no more than five or six sols. Notwithstanding the little benefit they reap from it, the people of Chamouni go in quest of this animal with great eagerness, and its numbers accordingly diminish very sensibly.

RETROSPECT

OF

FASHIONABLE LEVITIES,

IN

A Sketch of the late Mrs. Cornelly.

THIS lady was once the Goddess of Fashion; her orgies were the heaven of the dissipated. At her fane, the libertine could indulge uninterruptedly in ephemeral gratifications. With her, the voluptuary might aspire to the zenith of his wishes; and the thoughtless bacchanalian drown his few intellects in the most costly productions of the vineyards; or, without apprehension of a spy upon his conduct, revel away the night, and insult the blushing star of the morning.

Mrs. Cornelly was by birth a German; and, at a very early age, became a public singer. She was the delight of Dresden, and in high estimation at the Imperial court; from whence she went into Italy, and soon acquired, under the best masters, those inexpressible graces, for which no country is so justly celebrated. About forty years since, she came to England, in the suite of a British nobleman, who had promised her his protection.

Being of an enterprising spirit, possessing a good understanding, great knowledge of mankind, and of specious manners, Mrs. Cornelly presently contrived to raise herself into public notice, and obtained the patronage of the fashionable world to all the amusements her taste and fancy could suggest.

She had now laid the foundation to her fortune; and, to make that desirable object complete, opened a magnificent temple in Soho-square, and called it after the name of her first benefactor, Carlisle House. Her splendid scenes soon became the favourite resort for the nobility and fashionables within the metropolis. She had so diversified, and so well contrived her amusements, that no public place could pretend to rival their attraction; and she was now in a way of prosperity beyond her most sanguine expectations: but not contented, like the fool in the fable, with her golden egg every day, she killed her goose to seize at once upon immensity.

In addition to her already unrivalled brilliancy, she introduced Harmonic Meetings, becoming, at once, a competitor with the managers of the Opera, who took the alarm, and strove by every means in their

their power to counteract the successes of so formidable a rival.

A part of her friends presently withdrew themselves; and those attached to the interests of the Opera managers, on the ruins of the old *Scavoir Vivre* club in Pall Mall, raised the new coterie: subscriptions came in from elevated quarters to support this new temple of fashion and pleasure; and in less than three weeks their fund amounted to four thousand pounds. Chin Hughes was made their croupier, and Captain Harry C—— they placed at the head of the treasury. This was the first shock, and Mrs. Cornelly felt it; but, like a skilful general, forced for a moment to retreat, she soon rallied her forces, attacked the enemy in the most vulnerable part, and gained a complete victory. The lady smiled upon the treasurer. Mrs. Cornelly rejoiced at the success of her plan, but her exultation was of short duration; for the Opera manager, enraged at the defeat, lodged an information against her for unlawful proceedings, before the Bow-street magistrates: in consequence of which, notice was privately sent from Sir J. Fielding to Mrs. C. acquainting her that application of a serious nature had been made respecting the impropriety and unlawfulness of her amusements, recommending her to regulate her conduct in future, or Mrs. C. would hear from Bow street in another way. From this condescension on the side of the magistrate, the lady concluded she might deal with safety, the card that generally turns up a trump. A purse was delivered to a trusty friend, with a letter addressed to Sir John Fielding, Knight, requesting his acceptance of the sum within, and that his worship would be pleased not to be too severe in looking into the conduct of a defenceless woman, who only endeavoured to gratify the wealthy, the high, and the fashionable, and from whose amusements the lower orders of society were wholly excluded. But Fielding was incorruptible; and, instead of accepting the purse, sent his *posse* at a most unfortunate moment, for the promenade was just begun. The variegated lamps for that night were doubled, and fed with a most delicious perfume, equal to Egyptian luxury, where pleasure prepared the banquet for a Cleopatra—

Out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.
———— From the arch'd roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky.————

In the middle of the area was raised a capacious bower, composed of vine leaves and artificial roses, in the centre of which stood an altar with a flame thereon. At a signal from the hand, a large group of maskers, composed of gentlemen performers from the theatres, and others, entered like Comus and his crew. Mr. Vernon sang an Anacreontic composed for the occasion, the rest the chorus; and thus the first scene ended.

The company were superb and numerous, the masks whimsical, and every thing in the highest taste. At the top of the walk was a hermitage, from the side of which issued a real cascade; from this recess Guadani the singer came forth, attired as the hermit of the cave; his song was charming, but, alas! just in the middle of his quavers, the police officers entered, and bore him off in a manner so theatrical, that the company conceived the attack part of the evening's entertainment. However, Guadani got bail and was liberated, on a promise

mise of never appearing again as a public character in these Soho amusements. But to return, the bacchanalian crew had been joined by Lord Littleton, Mr. Daisey Walker, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and commenced the third act by approaching the altar where the flame was burning; each man held a torch in his right hand and a goblet in his left, and on a signal being given for the dance, they suddenly thrust in their torches, which were quickly lighted. The revels then began; their cups overflowed with wine, and what with their singing, dancing, and drinking, nothing could be more ridiculous or displeasing; however, had they contented themselves to stop here, no notice had been taken, but there was no method in their madness. They all, as if moved by one impulse, rushed from the bower and flew to the square. It had struck five o'clock, and a long train of Calvert's drays were going on their occasional duty: the bacchanalian masques fell upon the drivers, beating them with their lighted flambeaus till a general engagement ensued, the guardians of the night were gone away, the noise encreased, the inhabitants were alarmed, up went the windows, and, though at that early hour, all was mob, riot, and confusion; victory, however, declared in favour of the knights of the bung, who played their parts so well with their horse whips, that Fitzgerald and Walker were completely flogged out of their shoes, for they were seen retreating down Greek-street barefooted, and as fast as their legs could carry them. My Lord lost a jewelled repeater, of 100 guineas, and the men in twilly armour drove away in triumph; and many of our young gentry and green sprigs of nobility got a drubbing, that probably they may remember to the last day of their lives.

To return to the temple; by this time the company had disappeared, except a few young men of quality, who had found their way under ground, and continued drinking till nine o'clock. Nothing could shame the inebriety of these deluded fools; and though the sun soon put the variegated lamps out of countenance, yet nothing could shame these inordinate topers. Perhaps few noticed the beauty of the effect, but the conscious shame which the lamps confessed, upon the approach of the great luminary of day, was very pleasing; they diminished in their lustre as the sun advanced in his. It was a good moral for those who chose to adopt it.

The reputation of Mrs. Cornelly began rapidly to decline, and the Pantheon opening in all its splendour, now put the period to that Lady's consequence; her creditors began to grow clamorous, and she was at length obliged to relinquish the concern, and seek in concealment a refuge from legal prosecution. She remained in obscurity for many years, under the name of Mrs. Smith; and here our readers will no doubt learn with surprise, not unmixed with risibility, the strange transition in her fate; for she who had been so long the leader of fashion, became literally the superintendant of asses, for she kept a house at Knightsbridge, and was a vender of asses milk.

In this situation she still retained a desire of resuming her former pursuits, and for this purpose ornamented a suite of rooms in order to have occasionally a public *dejeuné* for people of fashion. The manners of the times, however, were changed; her taste had not adapted itself to the variations of fashion; and,

and, after much expence employed in gaudy and frivolous embellishments, she was obliged to abandon her new scheme, and find out an asylum from her creditors. She had a son and a daughter, to whom she gave all the accomplishments of modern education. The son was tutor to Lord Pomfret. He was a very amiable man, and an excellent scholar; this gentleman allowed his mother an annuity till his death. The daughter is still alive, under another name, has long been patronised by some noble families, who knew her mother in better days. The Lady Cowper left her an annuity, and her musical talents still procured her an easy introduction into the best circles, but the unfortunate Mrs. Cornelly ended her life in the Fleet Prison.

Such was the fate of this once celebrated woman of fashion, whose melancholy exit holds forth a warning to imprudence; for, with common discretion, she might have closed her life in affluence.

LETTERS TO LORD CAMELFORD.

LORD GRENVILLE has recently published Letters written by the Earl of Chatham to his nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq, (afterwards Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge. "They are," says the noble editor, in his preface, "few in number, written for the private use of an individual, during a short period of time, and containing only such detached observations on the extensive subject to which they relate, as occasion might happen to suggest, in the course of familiar correspondence. Yet even these imperfect remains will, undoubtedly, be received by the public with no common interest, as well from their own intrinsic value, as from the picture which they display of the character of their author." "What parent," continues this acute, learned, and elegant writer, "anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What youthful spirit, animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire, in the pursuits of honourable ambition, or in the consciousness of an upright, active, and useful life, would not embrace with transport, any opportunity of listening on such a subject, to the lessons of Lord Chatham? They are here before him; not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend, towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard."

The first letter is without date; the second is from Bath, Oct. 12, 1781; and the last from St. James's-square, Oct. 27, 1787. On all subjects, except the improvement of his nephew's mind and heart, and some few domestic trifles, they are totally silent.—In the third letter we find this excellent advice:

"You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make

make him more learned. *Macte tuâ Virtute*; Go on my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough at your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer; and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies, he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est Improba Siren, Desidia*, I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for the first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good as to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action."

Here follows a small part of a course of study. In his fourth letter—which can never be too often read by one about to visit either of the mothers of science and learning—the Earl thus continues:

"As to your companions, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself; scholars, whenever you can; but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own rights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge, namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty; to deliver your own opinions sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire farther information or explanation on a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give; or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found.

"There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as begging pardon, begging leave to doubt, and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined on his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity, but I highly recommend

commend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened for company before it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done—no matter how vainly and weakly—the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them; and submitting for life the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts.

"As to your manner of behaving towards those unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good-breeding. If they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease, as your inward estimation of them is full of pity mixed with contempt.

"I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer you which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man; the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise; *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, is big with the deepest wisdom: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and an upright heart, that is understanding. This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and battered constitution. Hold fast therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger--the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously as you would fly with abhorrence and contempt superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last the depriviation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions

ons, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you: *Compositum Jus, Fasque Animi, Sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso Pectus Honesto.*

After the above important and valuable admonitions, we have, in letter 5th, his Lordship's observations on matters of a lighter nature, but, nevertheless, indispensable in the constitution of a gentleman.—Ridiculing the idea of a good or a great man being above attending to a noble, engaging, and proper management of his person, he makes this remark—"As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man; and the easy, ready, and gracefel use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man." "Now as to politeness," continues he, "many have attempted definitions of it: I believe, it is best to be known by description; definitions not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is this but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles, to the convenience and pleasure of others?—And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention—by habit it grows easy and natural to us—to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent, or remove them. Let your behaviour towards superiors in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals nothing becomes a man so well as well-bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things entrusted to it, and an invaluable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good, we should consider them as *humiles amici*, as fellow christians, *ut conservi*; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them if incorrigible. On all occasions beware of anger, that demon, that destroyer of our peace."

From what we have given, it will be seen how admirably these letters are calculated, as the noble editor observes, in his dedication to Mr. Pitt, to "teach how great talents may most successfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may most honourably be directed."

REMARKABLE ASSOCIATION OF ANIMALS.

From a Paris Paper.

THE living rattlesnake, four feet and a half long, and six inches in circumference, has been publicly exhibited this day, the 20th of July, 1804 at the Hotel Taranne, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.——A goldfinch, which has never quitted him since his arrival at Bourdeaux; and a Louisianian rat; live together in the utmost harmony. The rat is as interesting in consequence of its mildness, as for its manners, which resemble those of a bear. By the last papers, however, we find that the rattlesnake is since dead; so that this singular association is of course dissolved.

ON

ON THE

CRUEL PRACTICE OF FISHING WITH LIVE BAIT.

"To many, no doubt, the subject which I have chosen, will appear whimsical and unentertaining: from the reflecting, however, and the humane, I shall hope for a different opinion."

From an Essay on Humanity to Animals,

BY THOMAS YOUNG, A. M.

Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

AS the season is arrived, when, in the language of the Poet,

Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook—

I have thrown together a few reflections on the cruel practice of fishing with live bait.—"Sportsmen in general," it has been well observed, "are so wedded to their favourite pastime, and so firmly resolved to pursue it, that it may seem presumptuous to undertake to make any impression upon them, by appealing either to their heads or hearts." But from those who are not yet initiated in the mysteries of cruel diversions, we may hope better things. Parents, guardians, and preceptors of youth, in particular, whose province and duty it is,

To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind—

Will do well to pay the most exact and constant attention, in this respect, to those who are under their care. For, by a timely interposition on their part, children may be gradually brought to turn with abhorrence from those cruel practices, in which, before their minds were enlightened on the subject, their careless and wanton humour may have indulged itself without controul. "The minds of children," it hath been remarked, "are naturally tender, and susceptible of soft and benevolent impressions; and if some are of a rougher cast than others, they are still capable of being instructed in their duty, and reduced to order, by the principles of religion, and the fear of God.—"With regard to hard heartedness, or a want of pity, this," says an ingenious writer—and a writer, of great celebrity in his day, though now perhaps too much and too undeservedly neglected—"is often encouraged, if not implanted, in the hearts of children, by suffering them to exercise the most unprovoked and wanton cruelties on the innocent brute creation. The child begins these acts of cruelty without any consciousness of giving pain: he delights only in the novelty of the contortions and cries of the suffering creature: he proceeds in this unmeaning folly, without rebuke, till at length the practice of wantonly tormenting becomes a strong and confirmed habit of amusement. It is then too late to convince him of his error, by telling him the creature suffers pain: for his confirmed habit hath now given him a passion or desire, which is probably too strong for the pity which then riseth in his heart.

This being premised, I proceed to the subject proposed——

"I have often wondered," says a benevolent writer," that Thomson, who was distinguished by his humanity during life, and is yet distinguished by it in his poetry, did not altogether condemn fishing for amusement. He even speaks of it with complacency and approbation, in his description of angling, which seems to follow somewhat awkwardly after the lines immediately preceding, in which he had gone so far as to condemn the killing

ing of animals even for food. He could not, however, help condemning the cruellest sort of fishing, that is to say, with the worm:

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. SPRING—385.

I am sorry (adds my author) that the gentler sex have been led to practise this sort of fishing. If cruel diversions must be retained, it were to be wished that at least they may be reckoned fit only for the men.

Surely, (as another writer on the same subject observes) amongst the softer dispositions of the other sex, we shall never find the least tendency to cruelty. Yet are the ladies of this island not exempt, although I am proud to boast that there are no women in the known world, who poſſess so much delicacy and sensibility; and yet, in some instances, I cannot exculpate them.——Is the lady fond of angling—she takes her station by the side of a murmuring stream, and, with the utmost unconcern, forces the barbed hook through the defenceless body of the writhing worm, and there it must remain, in torture, as a bait for the fish; for, should death put a period to it's existence, it is no longer fit for use, and must be succeeded by another sufferer. Can there be a more dreadful, a more ingenious piece of torture contrived than this? Yet will they tell you with a laugh, *it is only a worm!* Is pain then confined to beings of a larger bulk? Has not the worm a body, in all it's parts exquisitely formed by the hand of Providence?

It is not size which gives value to life.—No creature is so insignificant, but whilst it has life, it has a right to happiness. To deprive it of happiness is injustice; and to put it to unnecessary pain is cruelty. It is very unreasonable, therefore, to estimate the degree of the sin of cruelty to any creature by the value we set upon the creature itself; or to suppose that difference of size, or difference of beauty, are foundations of real difference as to the feelings of brutes. A fly has feeling as well as an ox; and a toad has as much right to happiness as a canary bird; for the same God made the ox, and the fly, and the toad, and the bird. We ought not to put any of the creatures to pain, if we can avoid it; for cruelty to a brute is odious and abominable, whether it be to a beast, or a bird, or a fish, or a worm. Be the creature ever so insignificant in our estimation, we cannot put it to any degree of unnecessary pain without a violation of the laws of nature; because every living creature is the work of the God of nature.

THE TYRANT REPROVED BY HIS SLAVE.

A POOR West India Negro, employed as a domestic in the house of his master who had purchased him, having bought a trifling article of a fellow negro, who had procured it by clandestine means, was detected with the property about him, and therefore ordered by his master to be severely whipped. After he had received the punishment, he said to the officer who had inflicted it, "why you no flog white man?—" "So we do," answered the officer, when they buy stolen goods knowing them to be stolen. "There stand my massa; why you no flog him, as you flog poor me? he buy me—he knew me ſtole."

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

Exeter to the Back-waters and Exmouth, with a Return to Chudleigh.

With an Engraving of the Stricken Deer.

The Toxophylites—The Back-waters—Topsham—The Epitaph—Exmouth—Powderham Castle—The stricken Deer—(*of which last see Engraving*)—John Cross of Star-cross—Chudleigh—The Glow-worm—And Set down at Exeter.

Of hills I sing, along the varied scene,
Of howling tempests, and of skies serene;
Forts, tow'rs, and cities, and their ancient date,
How prop'd by int'rest, and how shook by fate.
Men and their manners oft employ my song;
The wise I rev'rence, and condemn the wrong:
The ways of Providence bring forth for thee,
And, where I can't unravel, bend the knee.

THE TOXOPHYLITES.

A BAND of Western Bowmen had obtained permission from Lord Courtenay to come with horn, and with hound, to hunt the deer for a whole day, on any part of his Lordship's domain, from Exmoor to Exmouth; and, if they should kill the stag in the right Robin-Hood stile, the game to be dressed at his Lordship's expence, and served up at the Star-cross Tavern, and the archer who struck the venison to death should be master of the feast. This company of merry Toxophylites overtook me in my way towards Powderham Castle, between Exminster and Kenton; they were all on horseback, richly dressed in their uniforms, and completely equipped with bows and with arrows. The Captain of the band was singing the old ballad of Mery-Sherwood, and all the rest joined in the burthen of the song. I kept pace with these jolly sportsmen for near a mile, and then turned off towards the sea-bank, opposite Topsham, wishing to make myself acquainted with the manner of admitting vessels of commerce to the

BACK-WATERS OF EXETER,

So much and so justly the boast of that city. There were about thirteen ships waiting within the bar of Exmouth, for the tide to carry them to the flood gates of the canal, when the craft with the trade from London claimed their right to be first admitted. This commodious and charming aqueduct, is near four miles in breadth. The toll is paid at the entrance, to a fraternity called the Chamber of Exeter, under whose government the whole is regulated, and kept in perpetual repair. With the help of locks, through these waters, the trade is conducted with great speed and safety; the banks are covered with beautiful spreading trees, whose umbrageous arms are impervious to the mid-day beams; and the passenger, divesting himself for a moment of locality, may conceive he is in a Dutch schute, travelling *a la Hollandois*, and less for profit than for pleasure, till he arrives at the last watergate, where he is let into the Ex, and presently moored before the custom-house of the town.

The utility of these Back-waters must evidently appear, when it is known, that, from the great power or caprice of the ancient Earls of Devonshire, continually at variance with the citizens, the natural river was so dammed up, staked, and obstructed, that the smallest vessel could not reach their walls. But others have assigned another reason, which I conceive to be the more probable; that the river was so strait and shallow, it was impossible

sible to keep a head of water sufficient for their trade, and they were obliged to acquire by art what was denied them by nature. Whatever might have been the true cause, the effect has been of no serious consequence to the people of Exeter; since, from their Back-waters, they draw all the comforts of commerce and of security; for though close on the sea, they are so far secure from the sudden attempts of an invading enemy, that, while true to themselves, the citizens of Exeter have, on that score, nothing dreadful to apprehend. From the lower mouth of this canal, I passed the Broad-waters of the Ex, and landed at

TOPSHAM,

A long straggling street, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and others engaged in navigation and commerce; it is exceedingly ill paved, and most repulsive to the tender feet of indulgence.

Topsham is a place which has little or nothing to recommend it; for, excepting their females, their French brandy, and their fish, the, people have nothing to tempt a traveller for one night to rest among them.

However, on quitting Topsham, the scene changes, the traveller is again put in spirits by a foot-road, and a grand variety of charming objects through a long chain of villages to the sea. Georges Clyst, Woodbury, and Limpstone, have much to recommend them; they are the foot-ways of health, and the lands of fertility. At Woodbury, I was shown a whimsical epitaph, on Robin Oaks, once a celebrated Blacksmith of Limpstone, who died at the advanced age of one hundred and one, and, as the inscription expresses, greatly beloved and respected.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop a moment, my friend—why so fast to your labour?
You'll not think it time lost to remember a neighbour.
I was once Robin Oaks—call'd by some Blacksmith Bob,
Till Death took me in hand, for a very tough job.
However, he finish'd the work he begun,
And shut up my shop at a hundred and one.
No more shall the chime from my anvil, at morn,
Call up the bold Hunters to follow the horn;
For my bellows, alas! are now robb'd of their wind,
My files gone to rust, and my hammers declin'd;
Quite low in the dust all my vices are laid,
My fires burnt out, and my forges decay'd;
My coal is all spent, all my iron is gone,
I've made my last nail!—Thus my labours are done.
Go forward my friend, and your bus'ness pursue;
In a very short time it will be so with YOU.

Widecombe is famous for being the favourite retreat of that great naval commander, Sir Francis Drake, whose ancient mansion still strikes the passenger with reverential respect, and whose memory shall proudly live with the hardy seaman—Yes! while the British flag rides triumphant, and with untarnished splendour, around the repulsive shores of his unconquered country.

EXMOUTH.

We now rise to the high grounds of Exmouth, one of the pleasantest summer retreats on the southern shores of England; and where the rationally polite may find every accommodation to the height of their wishes. Respecting sea-bathing, here is the clear, the uncontaminated saline. Thanet, Brighton, Bog-

nor, have their charms, but Exmouth has those serene delights most engaging to a susceptive mind. Quiet, mingling with commendable pleasures, are at all times of the season to be found; and cheerful health, in her spray-washed sandals, constantly frequents these samphire covered cliffs.—Many ravishing objects are seen from the high lands of Exmouth. The perforated rock below Dawlish, when the sun has passed the meridian, is a fine picture of rude nature, as is my Lord Courtenay's park and castle of polished art. To the northward, the cathedral church of Exeter rises majestically grand in the landscape; and to the eastward, that rapidly declining specimen of Saxon magnificence, Corfe Castle, terminates the view. Governor Paulk's pillar, and my Lord Courtenay's look-out, are pleasing objects; but the most brilliant of the whole is the British Channel, when the blocading squadrons shew themselves on the aquatic horrizon: while the commerce of England, outward bound and returning from many parts of the world, contribute to awaken a sensation not easy to be described; and at the close of day to behold the surrounding beacons is a spectacle awfully grand.

Descending to the beach, I hailed a fisherman returning to Topsham, who, for one shilling, landed me at Lord Courtenay's park gate, and gave me a fine pair of soles into the bargain: having a recommendation to view the internal beauties of this celebrated mansion, I presently entered

POWDERHAM CASTLE,

The seat of the Earls of Devonshire, from the time of King Stephen till near the death of the first Mary. In 1683 the title was revived in Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy; in 1618 it fell to William Lord Cavendish, in whose family the title still continues. But though the title was lost to the Courtenays, they never quitted the domain; and the castle, built by Baldwin De Rivers, or Reparis, is still in the possession of the lineal heir of that ancient family.

From whatever point we behold the castle of Powderham, it exhibits a fine silvery feature in the landscape, insomuch, that it has not been improperly called "The Lily of the Vale." the front towards Exmouth has been considerably enlarged, after a modern fashion, and opens to one of the finest sheets of water in the universe; but the greater part retains its ancient consequence, its narrow windows, Norman battlements, peep-holes, &c.

In one of the largest and loftiest rooms of the castle his Lordship has several fine pictures; among the best, I observed the Tribute Money, by Rubens; Charles the first and his Queen, by Vandyke; Mr. Montague in his Turkish habit, and a very fine picture by Schnieder; over the chimney piece, in a most supurb frame, Lord Courtenay, by Cosway; with some good shipping, and several pieces of less eminence. While I was here, I had a transient view of the three sister Sylphs of the castle; the first, like St. Cecilia, was playing on her harp; the second, like Ariel, singing to the divine harmony of the chords; and the third, like Penelope, employed in adorning the web of the loom.

In quitting this palace of enchantments, I turned up the Park; and having passed through a herd of mischievous buffaloes, and some of the finest deer in England, I was entering a fir plantation, on the brow of the hill near Kenton, when my ear was delighted with the sound of the spirit stirring bugle; the archers had struck the stag, and the poor trembling creature staggered feebly before me, I followed it to the valley where it fell; and the attitude of

THE

The Stricken Deer.

Pub. Oct. 10. 1804. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE STRICKEN DEER

Called to my recollection that charming description of the melancholy Jaques, in Shakespear's comedy, "As you like it."

———————" As he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish."—

The arrow that had pierced half deep between his ribs, bore upright its silvery fletch, and seemed to tremble at the cruel deed its point had done; while

" The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase."—

The Bugle again announced the triumph, and the Archers surrounded the expiring beast: he was presently carted and conveyed to Starcross to have his haunches fashioned for the feast.

(To be continued.)

THE GOUT, AND THE LATE DR. FRANKLIN.

A DIALOGUE.

THIS was lately sent from Philadelphia, and is saidto have been undoubtedly written by Dr. Franklin, probably during his last residence in France. Its humour would do no discredit to him, and we think it worthy of being presented to our readers:—

Mr. Franklin. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Enough, enough; you have ate and drank too much, and over indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Mr. Franklin. Who is it thus accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the Gout.

Mr. Franklin. What! my enemy in person?

Gout. No! not your enemy.

Mr. Franklin. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would at once torment my body to death, and ruin my good reputation: you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout. The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I know full well that the quantity of nourishment proper for one who uses suitable exercise would be too much for another who uses none.

Mr. Franklin. I take—Eh—he, as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state; and in regard to that, it would seem Madam Gout, you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my fault.

Gout. Quite otherwise; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or if the weather prevent that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you must amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or gazettes, which commonly are not worth the

reading,

reading. Yet you eat a large breakfast, four dishes of tea, enriched with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not the most digestible things. Immediately afterwards you set to writing at your bureau, or discourse with persons who apply to you on business; thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense: your's is to be fixed down to a game of chess, where they find you thus engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, and the least eligible of any for a sedentary man; because instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation, and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution.—What can be expected to result from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humours, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not bring you relief by agitating these humours, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played a while at chess, who would not excuse you? but the same taste prevails with you in Passey, Auteil, Montmartre, or Savoy: places furnished with the finest gardens and walks; and beautiful ladies, who there breathe a pure air, render the air still more inviting by their most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks! But all are as certainly rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fy then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to bestow as wholesome correction; so take a twinge—twinge.

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray Madam! a truce with your corrections.

Gout. The very reverse: I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your own good—for instance.

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Ehhh! It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often; going out to dine, and returning in my carriage.

Gout. This of all imaginable exercises is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. In observing the degree of heat obtained by the different kinds of movements, one may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be produced by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in such a carriage as that, you may go a journey, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire.—Flatter yourself, then, no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages—to all he has given a pair of legs, which are in truth machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful then, and make a proper use of your's. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place; observe when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other, this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents.

tents. When relieved by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and by a return of the weight this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time, depends on the degree of this acceleration: the fluids are shaken, the humours attenuated, the secretions are facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteil, a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science, than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books; when she honours you with a visit, it is on foot; she walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence and its concomitant maladies to be endured by her horses. See at once the preservative of her health, and personal charms. On the other hand, when you arrive at Auteil, it is in your carriage, though it is no farther from Passey to Auteil, than from Auteil to Passey.

Mr. Franklin. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

Gout. I stand corrected, I will be silent and continue my office: take this, and this.

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Ohh!—talk on, I pray you!

Gout. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to night, and the rest you may be sure of tomorrow.

Mr. Franklin. What, with such a fever. Eh! Eh!—I shall go distracted, can no one bear it for me?

Gout. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

Mr. Franklin. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

Gout. I am very serious: I have here a list of your offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

Mr. Franklin. Let's hear it then.

Gout. It is too long a detail; you shall have it briefly.

Mr. Franklin. Proceed—I am all attention.

Gout. Can you remember how often you have appointed the following morning for a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own, and that you violated your promise; alleging, at one time it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or too what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing, but your insuperable love of ease.

Mr. Franklin. That I confess may have happened sometimes; probably ten times a year.

Gout. Your confession is very imperfect; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety nine times.

Mr. Franklin. Is it possible?

Gout. So possible, that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know Mr. B—'s gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above, to the level below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a-week after dinner; and it being a maxim of your own invention, that—one may take as much exercise in walking a mile up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground. What an opportunity was here for you to exercise in both these ways? Did you embrace it; and how often?

Mr. Franklin. I cannot at once answer this question.

Gout. I will do it for you; not once.

Mr. Franklin. Not once!

Gout. Even so; all the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely

lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the gardens below, but without taking one step to descend and walk about them. On the contrary you call for tea, and the chess board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock; and that, besides two hours play after dinner: then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you stepped into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcileable to good health without my interposition!

Mr. Franklin. Now I am convinced of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that—our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for.

Gout. So it is! you philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

Mr. Franklin. But do you charge among my crimes that I return in a carriage from Mr. B—'s?

Gout. Certainly: for having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, or want the indulgence of a carriage.

Mr. Franklin. How would you advise me then to employ my carriage?

Gout. Burn it if you choose: you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or if you reject this proposal, here is another for you; take notice of the poor peasants who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passey, Auteil, Chaillois, &c. you may daily among these deserving creatures, find four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled under the weight of years, and by overstraining and too long continued labour. These people, after a most fatiguing day, have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. See, there's an act for you, of importance to the good of your soul; and at the same time, after your visit to the B—'s, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

Mr. Franklin. Ah! how fatiguing you are.

Gout. Let us return to my office: it should be remembered that I am your physician.

Mr. Franklin. Ohhh! the devil of a physician!

Gout. What an ungrateful man are you to say so! Is it not I, in the character of your physician, who have saved you from the palsy, the dropsy, and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

Mr. Franklin. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future: for in my mind one had better die, than be cured so dolefully. Permit me Madam Gout just to hint that I have not been unfriendly to you—I never feed physician or quack of any kind to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

Gout. I scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks I despise them: they may kill you indeed, but cannot affect me. As to regular physicians, they are at last convinced, that the gout in such a subject as you are, is no malady, but a remedy: and wherefore cure a remedy? but to our business. —There——

Mr. Franklin, Oh! Oh! for Heaven's sake quit; and I promise faithfully never more to play chess, but to exercise daily, and live temperately.

Gout.

Gout. I know you too well—You promise fair; but after a few month's of good health you will return to your old habits: your fine promises will be forgot like the form of the last year's clouds. Come then; we will finish the account.—But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for your good is my object; and you are now sensible that I am your real friend.

THE

SHOOTING DIRECTORY.

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

IN adding this work to the many which have appeared upon the various divertisements of the man of pleasure, the author exhibits himself under the threefold character of a philosopher, a sportsman, a moralist or divine. How he has acquitted himself in these assumptions, will be the object of some animadversion in the present and future numbers. On the first view, we presume, that Mr. Thornhill's dedication to his subscribers, asserts a truism, which will scarcely be disputed by any, viz. that his work "contains such a quantity of important knowledge as has never yet been comprised in any single treatise, on the subject of shooting."

Mr. Thornhill very properly acknowledges that many of the subjects in his work, have so frequently been handled at full length in separate publications, that each in his cannot be expected solely to consist of new principles: what *originality* it is therefore entitled to, he adds, is principally from a manuscript, so far back as the year 1508, and the compilers own indefatigable exertions in pursuit of every information, joined with his own experience.

That our readers may judge of Mr. Thornhill's talents as a philosopher—for it seems that the *philosophy of sporting*, is not a non-entity—we have borrowed the following extract from his introduction, which, allowing for the *wildness* of his theory respecting the scale of human being, is exceedingly pertinent, and well written.

"The branch of natural history is the most comprehensive of all others, extending not only throughout that part of the animal kingdom, generally termed *Quadrupeds* (the lizard tribe excepted) but including also the cetaceous order, or whales, and the human species. This class at first sight appears to unite animals, not only totally dissimilar in their outward appearance, but in no respect analogous in their habits and dispositions.

"A more nice inspection and closer examination will however soon convince us of their similarity and near alliance; the outward appearance indeed affords an astonishing variety, but the inward structure is nearly alike in all the genera. They breath through lungs, are viviparous, and suckle their young by means of mammillæ or teats, which differ in situation, and are more or less in proportion to the number of young brought forth by each species.

"The placing of man at the head of this system, by Linnæus, has given offence to many naturalists, who think it a degradation to be ranked with the brutes that perish; but if we take the pains to examine the internal structure, and wonderful mechanism of the human frame, and compare it with that of beasts, as exemplified in the system of anatomy, and comparative anatomy; we shall find an astonishing similarity and agreement: composed of

of the same materials, furnished with the same organs, which are acted upon exactly in the same manner; they are equally liable to accident, decay, and putrefaction. On the other hand we find, agreeable to the Mosaic account of the creation, that, man was the last of the Creator's works; created in the image of his Maker with an immortal soul; endowed with reason and reflection, which enable him to contemplate the works of that Omnipotent Being from whom his existence is derived.

"From many considerations we have sufficient ground for believing that there are beings as far superior to us as we are to the brutes; and although we are connected with the brutes by our corruptible or earthly bodies, so are we united with angels, and ultimately with God himself, by our incorruptible, or heavenly souls.

"It appears evident that we are a connecting link of that great chain by which all beings are united, and it is possible that we are much farther removed from the first great mover of all things, than from the most minute and apparently trifling part of the creation.

"If we attempt a general view of the animal kingdom, a large and extensive field opens to us, boundless on all sides, and stored with an immense number of creatures, as different in their dispositions and manners as in their make and form. We shall find each animal assigned its proper element, climate, and means of subsistence; that some possess strength and courage, accompanied with hunger and voracity; and others gentleness, temperance, and agility, attended with restlessness, and timidity: some again are endued with faithfulness, patience, and honesty; others are strongly characterized by deceit and treachery. Some animals, and these the most gentle, innocent, and tranquil, content themselves in our pastures, enjoying the society of men. Those which are more fierce and suspicious, hide themselves in the deepest recesses of the forest; others, as if they knew there was no safety for them on the surface of the earth, dig subterraneous abodes, take refuge in caverns, or gain the summit of the most inaccessible mountains. Lastly, the most ferocious and formidable kinds, inhabit deserts only, and reign as monarchs in those burning climates, where man, nearly savage with themselves, are unable to conquer them.

"The brute creation are in general confined to particular districts and situations suited to their respective wants and calls of nature. It is man alone that roves universally impressed with an irresistible curiosity, and an arduous thirst after knowledge; we see him daily encounter the greatest dangers, bid defiance to almost insurmountable difficulties, quitting his native country, where he not only enjoys all the necessaries, but even the luxuries, willingly to encounter storms and tempests on the perilous ocean. We find him at one time almost naked, dissolving beneath the fervent heat of the sun, under the torrid zone; and at another wrapped in furs, yet nearly petrified with cold, under the chilling influence of the frigid zone. The intense heat and almost insupportable burning sands in the southern desert; the mountains of ice, and chilling blasts of the northern atmosphere; have each attractions to employ his faculties, engage his attention, and gratify his inquiring spirit.

"Hence we may conclude, that as all the treasures of nature are so artfully contrived, so wonderfully propagated, and so providentially supported throughout her three kingdoms, they seem intended by the Creator for the sake of man.

(To be continued.)

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A SERJEANT was drilling some recruits on Tuesday, in Hyde Park, when having an occasion to complain several times of a want of expertness in one individual, he at last ordered him away to the awkward squad, remarking, that he was the most *stupid* fellow he ever came near. "You may say that," muttered the young Irishman as he went away, "or I never should have entered for a *foot soldier*."— This was followed by an order of the serjeant to take down his name; and we suppose his *wit* will produce him a few *smarting* remembrancers.

THE dying speeches, issued a few days since at Manchester, on the execution of J. Boadle, contained the following ludicrous Hibernianism:—"He was twenty-eight years of age, was born near Bolton-le-Moors, but is supposed to be an *Irishman*."

A GENTLEMAN passing through Bond-street, a few days since, was accosted by a female mendicant, whose countenance spoke her distress more forcibly than her language. He gave her a shilling, asking her at the same time, from something that struck him in her tones, whether she was not an Irishwoman.—"Indeed I *am*," said she, dropping a grateful curtsey, "and *have been ever since I was a child*."

A BULL.—In the Limerick paper, an Irish Gentleman, whose Lady has absconded from him, cautions the public against trusting her, in these words:—"My *Wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am *not married* to her."

A PREGNANT actress, of the name of Smith, in one of the provincial theatres, was announced last week in the play bills, in a favourite character, "being her last appearance previous to her being delivered of a *young Roscius!*"

AN Evening Print assures its readers, Government have received information, that Leighlin bridge, in the county of Carlow, has lately travelled into the county of Kildare.

TRICK upon a Bailiff.—One of these gentlemen lately met a gentleman whom he *wanted*, in Baker-street.—He of course soon let him know his business, at the same time asking his captive, "Whether the gentleman who accompanied him—and who then stood at a door some distance—was not Mr. ——" The captive answered in the affirmative. "Then d—n it," said the bailiff, "I *want* him too." "If you do," said the captive—throwing an intelligible signal to his friend—"You'd better take your companion with you, or he'll *bolt*,"—a term for running, or forcing away.—The bailiff and his follower accordingly advanced towards the other gentleman, who immediately *bolted*—they pursued, but could not overtake him. The captive fled in the other direction; and the bailiff, through his eagerness to make a double hit, was left to bewail the entire loss of his prey.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HARRIERS.—Brighton, October 12. The Prince's harriers, for the first time this season, threw off near Patcham Windmill, on Wednesday last, attended by a field of nearly sixty sportsmen, among whom were, the Earl of Berkeley, Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, &c. Mrs. Stoddard, the Lady of Captain Stoddard, of the Enniskillens, also partook of the pleasures of the chase, and was in at the death of a brace of hares, which were the well-earned spoils of the day. Mrs. Stoddard is one of the best female equestrians we ever saw; a descent at full speed from the highest hill alarms her not; graceful and easy in the saddle, she manages the reins with all possible ability, and seems to acquire additional fortitude when difficulties present themselves; difficulties which—as on Wednesday—unhorse the Cockney sportsman, but call her powers pleasingly into action, and give fresh cause for admiration and surprise. The same harriers, to a numerous field of sportsmen, threw off to-day, on the race-hill, and produced excellent diversion. This staunch and fleet pack, the same as last year, will continue to throw off for the amusement of all who choose to join the hunt, on Mondays near Portslade Windmill, on Wednesdays near Patcham, and on Fridays on the Race hill, throughout the season. Hares this year are in great abundance.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 22.—The Prince's harriers, on Friday, as usual, threw off on the Race-hill, but little sport ensued; for, from the improper conduct of some presuming Cockney sportsmen, in persisting in their attempts not to follow but to ride before the hounds, the huntsman was compelled to return his dogs to the kennel some hours before the accustomed time, and leave the puppies offending to hunt notoriety without them.

COURSING.—At the last Malton Meeting, a challenge was given, on the part of Mr. Percival, to start three brace of greyhounds against any gentleman there, which was accepted by Mr. Darley, of Aldby Park. The dogs of Mr. Percival, we understand, to be got by Major, the brother of Snowball; and those of Mr. Darley, by Mr. Snowball, out of Dent.—At the Driffield Hunting Meeting, Mr. Milner, of Bishopthorpe, is to produce four greyhounds, of one litter, against all Holderness.

FRIDAY, Oct. 5, was run, in Charlton-Field, Worcestershire, for a considerable sum, a match between Mr. Hunter's famous greyhound, Soldier, and Mr. Dingley's Jack; after some very good courses, and a leash of hares being killed, it was decided greatly in favour of Soldier.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3, a farmer, at Hampton, for a wager of 25 guineas, rode his poney, a beast under

under 14 hands high, 90 miles on the western road, in twelve hours and a half. The rider weighs at least 14 stone, and the beast performed the extraordinary feat in three quarters of an hour less than the given time. A number of the *cognoscenti* in those matches were present, and they were deeply taken in by the extraordinary performance of the poney.

Wednesday, Oct. 3, a gentleman, who never has been in the habit of walking a great distance at a time, undertook, for a wager of two hundred guineas, to walk from Glasgow to Perth, distance fifty-seven miles, without once sitting down, or taking any kind of rest whatever. Saturday morning he started at four o'clock, and accomplished the journey, in terms of the bet, in about seventeen hours. A good deal of money was sported on the occasion—odds in general against the performance.

On Wednesday, the 3d inst. Col. Lord Edward Somerset, of the 4th Dragoons, and Capt. Munro, of the North Hants Militia, started to run one hundred yards, at East Bourn, for a bet of fifty guineas, which was won by Lord Edward.

Last month a foot race, of four miles and three quarters, for 200 guineas, was run at Lantrissant, Glamorganshire, by a native of that place, and a young man brought from England for the purpose. It was won by the latter, who went over the ground with great ease in 26 minutes, although very rough and uneven. The bets were three to two in favour of the Lantrissant man, who had never been beaten before.

A young gentleman, an assistant to an eminent surgeon at Chipping Sudbury, Gloucestershire, undertook, last month, to walk two miles in twenty minutes, and afterwards to run a mile in five minutes; the first he lost by half a minute, and he won the last by nearly the same time.

Boxing.—A well contested battle was fought, early on Tuesday morning, Oct. 9, in Hyde Park, between Trigg, a carpenter, from town, and a countryman, of the name of Hawkins. The quarrel originated on Saturday night, when each of them had repaired to Hammersmith in one cause, that of paying their addresses to a *black-eyed damsel* of that place. It was agreed on between the parties that a fight should take place, and that the victor should be the fortunate gallant. At the commencement of the fight, Trigg gave proofs of a proficiency in the art of pugilism, and put in some clean hits about the head of his antagonist. The blows of the countryman were, however, irresistible towards the latter end of the fight, and seldom failed to penetrate far enough to knock down his antagonist. In the last round, Trigg received a hard blow in the throat, and was unable to rise after. The fight lasted forty minutes. The fortunate gallant was severely beaten, and immediately secured, as it was undetermined whether his antagonist would recover the blow.

Two gentlemen, out a-shooting on Tuesday the 2d inst. shot a badger in a hedge bottom, in the neighbourhood of Sex's Hill, Leicestershire; it weighed upwards of 40lb. and was remarkably fat; the skin was so thick and loose as to resist many of the shot, which were found only indented; and they were obliged to fire three times before it was destroyed.

About a fortnight ago, three gentlemen of Manchester, shooting at Colne, near Burnley, were for two days accompanied by a man 82

years

years of age, who carried a basket, containing their provisions, with great ease, though it was supposed he must have walked 25 miles each day. He told them, that at the age of 76 he walked from thence to London in three days, which was 55 miles a-day, stopped four days, and in three days more returned to his native place. He said he had several *lads* between 50 and 60.—He frequently goes to Preston and back in a day, which is 46 miles.—The same gentlemen were informed, that there had formerly lived in the neighbourhood of Colne three persons, a grandson, his father, and grandfather, the youngest of whom was upwards of 80 years old.

MARGATE, Oct. 21.—A match at billiards, upon which many hundred pounds are depending, made by Sir Horace Mann, Major Foley, and Mr. Edwards, to be played by the two first cue-players in England, viz. Evans and Hughes, commenced on Friday evening at Kidman's Hotel. The match to be decided in forty-two games; twenty-one to be played at Evans's table, and twenty-one at Hughes's. To prevent a crowd, and the intrusion of improper persons, half-a-crown was taken for admittance. The play on Friday evening, terminated with Evans being three games a-head.

REMARKABLE Contrast of Manners.—The celebrated tour through the Highlands of Scotland by Loch Lomond and Inverary, attracted many travellers during the late summer. A small party, consisting of a lady and three gentlemen, being on their way from Glasgow to Inverary, their carriage was suddenly overset near the inn of Arrochar. A noble Lord, one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland, justly distinguished for his knowledge in agriculture, happened to be in the inn, and was the first who hastened to the assistance of the party. Convinced that humanity "is nobility's true badge," Lord Somerville first extricated the party from their perilous situation, and having called his servants, most condescendingly united his personal efforts with their's in raising the carriage. This accident was the forerunner of another, which unluckily happened to the same party in the lonely Glencoe, in the middle of which they were arrested by the breaking of the carriage pole; their horses took fright, but were at length unyoked, and then they themselves turned out into the desert road. While in this hapless condition two well-known merchants, the one at that time a Mayor, and the other a late Mayor of a populous manufacturing city, arrived in two carriages at the spot; they beheld in this sequestered glen a lady trembling from recent escape of danger, and the rest of the party in much evident embarrassment; yet, strange to tell, in place of offering the smallest aid, they "passed by on the other side," with indescribable apathy, and without dropping one word of sympathy or condolence, or so much as inquiring what had happened, though their foremost postillion stopped his horses for a few seconds, seemingly to provoke an order for assisting the unfortunates. The polite and benevolent manners of the noble Lord, contrasted with the behaviour of the two Mayors, no doubt increased those lively sensations of gratitude and respect to his Lordship which had been previously impressed upon the party, but would naturally excite feelings of a very different sort towards the callous spectators of their last misfortune.—"Take physic, Pomp!"

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE DASH; OR, WHO BUT HE,

A new Musical Farce, brought out at Drury Lane; which, though d—nd the first night, contained the following excellent Song.

DON'T you know me? Jenny Dash!
Every where the go and flash!
Every sportsman's known to me,
Every jockey cries, "that's she!"
No where but my fame is up,
Since I won the silver cup!
I'm up to each rig,
Trot a poney, drive a gig,
Or dashingly can whip four in hand;
On a colt of Eclipse,
I glory in high leaps,
At a five-barr'd gate ne'er shilli shalli stand:
Each huntsman of the field
To my horsemanship must yield,
When I fly o'er the dew,
With the game in my view,
And the dogs are all cheer'd by the sound of my voice!
Then, on, on,
Dash along!
Over mountains of snow,
Or the levels below,
If the weather be foul,
Or the weather be fair,
If the wind blow here,
Or the wind blow there;
O'er high ruts,
Or low ruts,
Or no ruts,
Yoix!
This, this is the life of my choice.

Would you more about me know,
I can handle the cross bow;
Drive the mail the whole night long,
Give a sentiment or song,
Take my bottle fairly down,
And drink myself into renown!
With my dogs I walk out,
Scour the country about,
And all flying game I bring down;
Drive my tandem in style;
But a minute to a mile,
And on Newmarket turf my fame's known:
As I prance o'er the course
Full of spirit my horse,
All the knowing ones cry,
"That's the girl of my eye,"
And all flock in crowds to the sound of my voice!
Then done, done,
Done and done
Are the cries that resound
When I start for the ground;
Like an arrow I fly,
All my rivals dart by;
As the goal I draw near,
Not a sentence you hear
But she wins,
Now she beats,
Now she's home.
Hurra!
This, this is the life of my choice!

TANTIVY.

TANTIVY.

A favourite Hunting Song, sung by Mr. Dignum at Vauxhall Gardens.

TANTIVY, the huntsman he starts for the chase,
In good humour as fresh as the morn;
While health and hilarity beam from his face
At the sound of the mellow-ton'd horn.
The nimble fox flies;
Hark forward he cries,
And the brush we'll secure when he dies.

Tantivy, the huntsman returns from the sport,
To carouse o'er his bottle and glass;
With pleasure he drinks off his bumper of port,
And his toast is the chase, and his lass.
The nimble toast flies,
Round the table it hies,
And he hunts every man that denies.

Tantivy, the huntsman has finish'd his rounds,
And in bed plans new joys for the morn:
In his sleep still he hears the loud cry of the hounds,
And the voice of the mellow-tond horn.
Thus dreaming, time flies,
Up at day-break he hies—
Let's return to the chase, boys, he cries.

THE ORIGIN OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

OH! give me the lads of the chase,
Brave boys, that won't start from the bowl;
The juice of the grape in their face,
And frolic and fun in their soul.

For such, and a can of mild ale,
First gave to good fellowship birth;
Bade rational mirth to prevail,
And chase away sorrow from earth.

J. M.

Kingsland, Oct. 2, 1804

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

SEE where on Alpian heights the hunter keen
Follows the feather-footed chamois' flight;
Now on the brink of fearful abyss seen,
Now proudly gazing from the slippery height.

His fell pursuer, man, with anxious eye
Follows resolv'd, with pointed spike in hand;
His haggard air seems with the scene to vie,
Nobly forlorn, and desolately grand.

Unceasing, from the earliest streak of morn,
O'er sheets of ice and dazzling snow, he hies,
Now on the dizzy steep, by magic borne,
Now o'er the precipice like lightning flies.

And oft, if Night her sable plumes should spread
O'er toil unpaid, no lassitude he knows;
A fragment of the rock supports his head,
And deaf'ning torrents lull him to repose.

Too happy, if at length his prize he gain,
The fleet chamois—whose wild, disdainful eye,
Whose graceful form, whose slender feet, are vain—
The hunter's glory is to bid him die!

These are the strange delights of savage life!
Yet tender ties the mountain-warrior knows:
A cottage, children, and a gentle wife!
For whom, while risking death, his bosom glows.

Yes, such a life hath charms: its enterprise,
Its constant animation, and its care,
Calls forth young Energy, bids Hope arise,
And saves the soul from torpor and despair.

ROSA MATILDA.

A MAROON SONG.

HASTE, haste, my companions, the night dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.

O'er the deep-tangled thicket our toils shall prevail,
In vain to the steep-cliff the savage shall run;
Where the cocoa waves gay to the balm-scented gale,
And the aloe expands its tall spires to the sun.

Ye spirits, that triumph'd in death o'er your foe;
But left the dark sons of your race to complain;
Ye that bade, in your anguish, the heirs of your woe
Be the heirs of your hatred, the chiefs of disdain.

If ye sail in your pride on the sun's slanting beam,
If ye robe your stern shades in the mist's fleeting form;
Or, if rather ye joy in the lightning's fierce gleam,
And stride on the whirlwind, and trample the storm:

O come on your clouds, o'er the wide rolling wave,
To the hills of our freedom in triumph repair;
For the blue-mantled mountains are trod by the brave,
And the dark-dwelling sons of defiance are there.

Hark! the horn's swelling tones call to danger away;
And when the stern course of our pleasure is past,
Though the whirlwinds of heav'n wake around us their sway,
We will heed not the tempest, and sing to the blast.

Haste, haste, my companions! the night dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.

P. M. JANUS.

Bristol.

ON TITLES.

TIMES past have seen people in administration
With some share of merit, and great ostentation,
Who are highly offended whene'er you address 'em,
Or repeat their plain names to one person, God bless 'em—
Without the addition to ev'ry word
Of "your Worship"—"your Grace"—"your Honour"—"my Lord."
And here, as I've just laid these follies before ye,
Permit me, *en passant*, to tell a short story.
As the great Marshal Villars was passing along,
He heard a French officer, sprightly and young
Shouting out to a friend—"I'll be with you at nine,
For at four I'm invited with *Villars* to dine."
Stepping up to him quickly—"good Captain," he cries,
"You have caus'd me, I own it, a little surprise;
Without Gen'ral, or Marshal, to mention my name,
Since such titles from rank in the army I claim!"
When thus answer'd the youth—"Did the Romans inquire
For Lord Cæsar, or ask for Marc. Brutus, Esquire?"
And so then who'd but laugh should an Englishman speak
Of Lord Cato, or Monsieur Achilles the Greek.

ON

ON TAKING A SALMON.

'TWAS June the seventh, the present year,
The morning mild, the weather clear;
A soft and genial western breeze
The water wav'd, and mov'd the trees;
When down to Usk I gaily trod
With winch and fly, and line and rod.
Admiring, view the lovely scenes
That rise from woods, or hills, or plains;
Or gushing rills, in sportive play,
As down the shelving rocks they stray;
While love-tun'd birds, on bush or wing,
In rural concert jocund sing.
But when in view the rolling stream
The salmon's fav'rite haunts proclaim,
Unheeded then the woods, the hills,
The birds, the plains, or gushing rills;
O'erjoy'd, with quicken'd step I move,
To meet the sport I fondly love.

Where Yangolth's silver streamlet ends,
And with the Usk her beauty blends;
Delighted there, with dext'rous art,
The whizzing line around I dart:
Now here, now there, with anxious mind,
Nor leave, untry'd, one stream behind;
When in fam'd Cambolt's pool at last
A rise—I strike—I hook him fast.

Not with more joy the S——n peer
Eyes his fat oxen, or his deer;
Or peeress, when her bounty gives,
Or those her charity relieves;
Nor Gripus when he views his store,
And counts and counts it o'er and o'er;
Or Stella, just commenc'd a bride,
Trimm'd out in all her nuptial pride;
Than I to feel—O bliss divine!
A salmon flound'ring at my line.
Sullen at first, he sinks to ground,
Or rolls in circles round and round;
Till more inflam'd, he plunging sweeps,
And, from the shallows, seeks the deeps.
Then bends the rod, the winch then sings,
As down the stream he headlong springs.
But turn'd with fiercer rage, he boils,
And tries, indignant, all his wiles.
Yet vainly tries, his courage flown,
And all his mighty powers gone;
I wind him up with perfect ease,
Or here, or there, or where I please:
Till quite exhausted now he grows,
And now his silver sides he shews;
No one faint effort more he tries,
But at my feet a captive lies.
His tail I grasp with eager hand,
And swing, with joy, my prize on land.

PISCATOR.

HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

AWAK'D by the horn, like the spring, deck'd in green,
Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen;
With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
And impatiently wait to join in the chase.

AIR.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that 's shot from the bow:
O'er rivers and mountains all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man, his worst foe.

RECITATIVE.

Now they trace him through the copse,
Panting, struggling—see! he drops!
Hark! rude clamours rend the skies,
While the dappled victim dies.

AIR.

Thus Britain's sons, in Harry's reign,
Pursu'd the trembling Gaul,
Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
And triumph'd at his fall.

CHORUS.

Now hostile foes alarm; arm, arm, Britannia, arm.

RECITATIVE.

Then away to the field, 'tis great George gives the word;
Quit the horn for a trumpet, the whip for a sword:
Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,
And be glorious in war, as we are in the chase.